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THE TIMID LOVER.

I wait beneath the green grass where-
through the children play,
In dreamy caves of darkness for the
breaking of the day,
With the old joys quick about me and
the new life certain now,
Waiting for the morning with her kiss
upon my brow.

There she laid it gently where the gray
hairs called me old
And it seemed I thrilled to feel her
kind lips kissing me so cold,
Just one kiss from her sweet mouth
upon my forehead gray
And a hot tear beside it and then she
went away.

What have I done in my life so well to
gain me this
The quiet and the darkness and the
sweetness of her kiss?
What wrought I in my weakness so
well to lay me here
To think upon her friendly face and
her compassionate tear.

I lie beneath the green grass with my
face toward the skies,
Waiting till the sunshine shall break
into my eyes,
Waiting till the great winds shall fill
my ears again
With music of the mountains and the
castle walls of Spain.

Lying here a-dreaming with the song
upon my lips
Of the great sea of heaven and the
shining stars like ships;
With the old joys quick about me and
the new life certain now
I, who never dared to love her, with
her kiss upon my brow!

Richard Middleton.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

SO SUMMER GOES.

Scarlet of snapdragon, velvet of rose,
White snow of lily-bells, so summer
goes;
Spiced scent of clove-pinks and fra-
grance of musk,
Silver of daisies like moons in the dusk,

White foam of meadowsweet, clover-
hearts red,
Toss'd snow of guelder-rose, high over-
head,
Breath of the blossom'd briar set by
the gate,
Where thrush sings silv'-ry-sweet early
and late.

Splendor of morning's gold, dream-
world of night,
Set with a thousand stars, blossoms of
light,
Love wand'ring softly by, gath'ring a
rose,
Hearts atune, love in June, so summer
goes.

Augusta Hancock.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

SONG.

When that I loved a maiden
My heaven was in her eyes,
And when they bent above me
I knew no deeper skies;
But when her heart forsook me
My spirit broke its bars
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.

II.

When that I loved a maiden
She seemed the world to me;
Now is my soul the universe,
My dream—the sky and sea!
There bends no heaven above me,
No glory blinds or bars
My grief beyond the sunset,
My love beyond the stars.

III.

When that I loved a maiden
I worshipped where she trod;
But, when she clove my heart, the cleft
Set free the imprisoned god:
Then was I king of all the world;
My soul had burst its bars,
For grief beyond the sunset
And love beyond the stars.

Alfred Noyes.

The Nation.

THE HAGUE CONFERENCE: THE GAINS AND LOSSES.

Those who expected little from the Conference at the Hague were at first least disappointed. Those who hoped for much have watched the proceedings with mixed feelings. For them there has been disillusion. They had been too sanguine. They had not reckoned with the strength of the opposition, at home as well as abroad, to their desires. They remembered the inspiring words of the Prime Minister, and they thought that one of the first and most conspicuous parts of the proceedings would be the effort of Great Britain to bring about a reduction of armaments. They did not anticipate that this subject, by far the most interesting and most urgent to be discussed, would be mentioned late in the day and in a half-hearted fashion. They hoped for a conference of peace; it has been a discussion of the necessities and incidents of war. They expected that this country would always be the foremost in the advocacy of a liberal and enlightened policy; they did not expect her to vote more than once with the reactionaries.

One cause of this disillusion, fortunately, need not recur. At any future conference of the like kind there will not, it may be hoped, be committed a mistake which has done much to hinder the labors of the delegates, to make them appear irregular and futile, and to deteriorate the quality of the work. It is a mistake not new or unforeseen; it was committed in 1899. To many who were interested in the success of the Conference and remembered its predecessor, it seemed that the best, indeed the only safe, way to go to work was for each Government to prepare its programme long before the actual meeting; to do so openly; to

court discussion and invite suggestions from all quarters; to avail itself of technical advice, and to come to a final conclusion in the light of open day. There might, of course, be documents and facts which it was not desirable in the public interest to divulge. It might be politic to discuss certain points of detail in privacy. There could be no good reason for keeping secret the conclusions which had been come to as to matters of national importance until they were disclosed at the sittings of the Commissions. One of the obstacles to fruitful discussion—natural with all this studied secrecy—has been the suspicion with which proposals of each of the great Powers, even when meant for the best, have been regarded. This difficulty has been increased—sometimes created—by the fact that there was insufficient time to examine them. What reason could there be for mystery if there was nothing to conceal? Must not proposals kept back with so much care be scrutinized narrowly? Such questions, it is clear, presented themselves to many of the delegates.

It also seemed expedient and politic for each State not to go its own way, but, at an early date, to take into confidence nations (in our case such as the United States) likely to be in the main in accord, and to join as far as possible in a common programme. It would have been an innovation, but it would have been also an advantage, for this country to seek to gain to it the adhesion of China and Japan; to enlist in a common cause these Powers growing in influence. Some private persons did what little they could to bring this about. They found friends of the Chinese Government ready to

receive suggestions. Had this course been taken, the proposals of the different Governments—many of them extremely complicated and pregnant with consequences often far from obvious—would have been circulated among the Powers, with the result that their bearings would have been understood when the Conference met. The delegates would have met with knowledge of the proposals to be submitted and after having had opportunity of studying their details, and the business of the Conference would have advanced rapidly and efficiently.

A wholly different course was taken; one not unnatural in the case of an ordinary Conference concerned with minor matters, but unsuitable to a meeting at which elaborate schemes, good or bad according to their details, were to be discussed. There was profound secrecy as to the intentions of the various Governments. Their proposals were not disclosed to their own subjects. Parliament was not permitted to know what was to be done as to matters of vital moment. This secrecy did not ensure in our case careful preparation as to all matters. "The British Government," remarks one observer at the Hague, "appears to have imitated the Russian Government in 1800 in lack of careful preparation"—an opinion which is not quite just, but which has more truth in it than one could wish. And so at the Conference novel proposals were sprung upon its members. They were asked to give in a few days their assent to elaborate schemes. Our representatives—men of great experience—would have been of miraculous perspicacity if they had seen the full bearings of some of the projects thus thrown at their heads. Of course, in spite of the precautions taken to preserve secrecy, much leaked out, to the loss of no one; and it is a pity that the complaints as to publicity seem to have come from the

English delegation. Such a mode of doing business may not be much amiss, and is, of course, usual when States drive with each other a bargain which in its final form is simple; a treaty, say, consisting of so many common-form articles as to fishery rights, or the cession of so much territory, etc. It is unsuitable, as the experience of the Institute of International Law has shown, for the discussion of such matters as International Arbitration, contraband, the constitution and functions of Prize Courts, the rights and duties of neutrals—matters as to which there is a long history, and as to which a few words, apparently harmless, in a draft code may be fraught with serious consequences. It would be rash to decide almost on the spur of the moment between some of the features of the English and German schemes for Prize Courts. For many years, to refer to another question, there has been going on a discussion of the duties of neutrals. Delicate questions which have embroiled States have often arisen; there are deep-seated differences of opinion as to some points. The French delegation submitted one set of articles on this subject; Germany submitted another. Members of the Conference were called upon to decide in a few days questions requiring close consideration from many sides.

One of the effects of preparing the programme in secret has been that England has been committed at the Hague, as to weighty matters, to a policy which might have been rejected at Westminster. It may fairly be conjectured that, if the subject of the exemption of private property from capture at sea had been brought before the present House of Commons, there would have been a vote in its favor, and of a kind which no Government could well disregard. In the result we

were found as to this question against the United States, Germany, Holland, Italy, Norway, and China, and on the side of France, and the Republic of Columbia. Germany, it is true, made some reservations; but, as appears from the remarkable speech of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, reported in the *Courrier de la Conférence*, they were not unreasonable reservations; they turned on the close connection of contraband and blockade with capture of private property. The English opposition was thoroughgoing. Our delegates would not agree to the Belgian compromise to the effect that such property might be seized in time of war, but on condition of being restored upon the conclusion of peace. I would say much the same as to the amazing declaration of England that the right of capturing contraband, whether absolute or relative, should be given up. Would the House of Commons, if consulted, have given a mandate as to this? Would such a proposal have ever been put forward, would it have been pressed, if it had been discussed at home before the Conference met? Few even of the strongest sticklers for neutral rights have asked for this surrender—a surrender which, I am inclined to think, runs counter to the tendency of the time. In almost every country is a feeling that the trade in contraband is a questionable one, almost as bad as blockade running. The traffic is open to many objections. The distinction between it and direct, active intervention is hard to draw when contraband is exported wholesale; for the sake of private gain a whole community may incur lasting odium, and may be brought to the verge of war. The strictures which Bright and Cobden passed on the builders of the *Alabama* and *Alexandra* apply, in degree, to the traffickers in munitions of war. The history of the *Alabama* dispute is a warning as to the perils in-

cident to this somewhat sordid trade. Bitter experience led to the insertion in the Foreign Enlistment Act of stringent provisions against the exportation of one form of contraband, namely, armed ships. Some countries have lately prohibited in time of war the exportation of contraband of all kinds. To those who know the current of opinion on this subject the announcement by this country that she was willing to give up the right of capture was somewhat bewildering. It is true that we qualified our concession; we proposed to give to the phrase "auxiliary warship" so wide a significance that we were suspected of withdrawing with one hand what we had given with the other. The declaration as to contraband is a surrender of belligerent rights probably unequalled in history; which is in itself not a very serious objection. But I am not sure that it is in the interests of peace. One may foresee that if the trade in contraband is to have free course at sea, there will be demands by aggrieved belligerents for the suppression of its exportation; questions similar to that of the *Alabama* will be raised as to commodities other than ships; and the neutral may not be in the end better off than he is at present. At all events the matter merited careful discussion before such a proposal was mooted. A State which gives up the right of capturing contraband and insists upon the maintenance of the right of capturing private property takes up a perplexing position. A policy of secrecy is apt to be a policy of eccentricity; one out of harmony and touch with popular feeling.

Such a policy, well enough in a bureaucratically-governed country, has not answered; and we may hope some of the recent mistakes due to it will not be repeated. Sir Edward Fry submitted on behalf of England a series of proposals as to the conduct of busi-

ness at the next Conference intended to insure full preparation of proposals and time for their consultation. I doubt, however, whether they are all that could be desired. Nothing short of regular meetings at short intervals—at less intervals than seven years—and frank exchange of opinions beforehand will prevent the congestion, embarrassment and surprises which have somewhat marred the work of last month.

The expediency of frequent conferences and short programmes is one lesson to be gathered from the experience at the Hague in 1899 and 1907. Another lesson is the advantage of publicity. Secret or underground diplomacy may have its place; it provokes suspicion and is likely to be futile or barren when it is applied to such matters as were discussed at the Hague.

I do not desire to dwell too much on failures and shortcomings. But one other matter of regret must be named. At a conference of peace the name of peace has scarcely been mentioned. The talk has been of the operations and usages of war. There was little hope that in the present temper of Europe anything would be done to stop the rush towards military expenditure. It was, however, expected, and not unreasonably, that there would be a calm and full discussion of the situation which would at least help to open the eyes of people who pay the price of competitive folly, and which would unmask the real opposers of disarmament, and that at an early stage in the proceedings England should bring forward the subject as urgent. That also was not to be. So far, there has been silence about the matter of chief importance. "Nothing is heard about a standstill of armaments, least of all from the British delegates," writes one correspondent.¹

It is pleasanter to turn to another side of the work of the Conference. It will not be barren. It will abate in some degree the injustice under which neutrals have suffered in almost every war. It will carry the reign of law into regions in which *Faust recht* has prevailed. Let us count the gains, and we shall find that they are not few or of small amount. I write before the Conference is over and with much uncertainty as to its results; but three gains seem to be fairly well assured. A few years ago a proposal to make obligatory among civilized nations a declaration of war before beginning hostilities would have been pronounced impracticable, and derided as unworthy of the attention of statesmen and soldiers. It has not merely been gravely and respectfully discussed; the differences revealed in debate related only to matters of detail. The French proposal requiring an explicit ultimatum or a formal declaration of war before the opening of hostilities and prompt notification to neutrals was adopted by the second section of the second Committee. The value of the vote was impaired by the rejection of a proposal to fix a substantial minimum time between the declaration and the actual commencement of hostilities. But even in its present form the resolution marks an advance, which, if nothing else were done, would make the Conference memorable. We may reasonably hope that we shall not witness civilized nations suddenly leaping at the throats of their adversaries. It is not much, it may be said, that the practice of the duellist replaces that of the footpad. A few years ago the change seemed impossible.

The second probable gain is due to the co-operation of England and Germany. We may take it that the consti-

¹The above article was written before Sir Edward Frye's speech containing the important British offer regarding the limitation

by diplomacy of ship-building programmes, which has redeemed to some extent the credit of our representatives at the Hague.—Editor.

tution of the Prize Court—a relic and symbol of a time when the rights of neutrals counted for nothing—will be improved. Whether the English or German scheme or a union of both is in the end adopted, there will be a right of appeal to a Court composed not solely of judges belonging to the captor's country. I refrain from expressing an opinion as to the details of the scheme as finally adopted; an opportunity of doing so may recur. It is enough to say that the Conference has in a practical way—hitherto universally denied them—recognized the right of neutrals.

The third, and in some ways the greatest, gain is the probable establishment of a permanent Court of Arbitration in a sense different from that which already exists, and independent of it. It will consist of paid judges of various nationalities. I do not know enough of the details of this measure—at the time when I write some of them are not settled—to be at all confident of the effect of such a measure. Some of my friends agree with the criticism of M. Bernaert; they think that it will prove a merely ornamental appendage to the structure erected in 1890—perhaps, they fear, it may be an awkward excrescence. I am inclined to think that it is a gain even if the business disposed of by the paid judges turn out to be small. Every addition to the framework of a permanent international organization is a gain. It brings a little nearer the time when Humanity speaks and acts as one in regard to common interests.

I say nothing of minor gains—several questions which diplomats and text-writers have debated to no great purpose settled by a unanimous vote or by a majority sufficiently large to be practically conclusive.

Even when the Powers have been much divided the discussion has not been altogether in vain. It is no mean

gain that in time of peace, before a tribunal of experts, are calmly debated questions which, in the past, have been discussed by angry men with arms in their hands or by heated partisans. If you wish peace, prepare for it, is sound policy;—it is also apostolic—“Seek peace and ensue it.”

I am tempted to say something as to the policy of Germany during the Conference. It has been from first to last a rebuke to those who predicted that she would seek to mar and obstruct all good work. No delegate has been more helpful than Baron Marschall von Bieberstein.

In what has been done there is too the promise of much more to come. Already as to a large part of the rights and duties of neutrals the points of difference between the chief nations have been sensibly narrowed. The need of a code of neutrality has become manifest in the course of the discussion. In considering the English and German proposals as to a Prize Court of Appeal, it has been fairly asked, What law will this Court, composed of members of different nationalities, apply? Will each member be guided by the practice of his own country, or will the Court administer general principles of equity? To take two questions which might come before it, a Russian and an English member would probably deal in ways wholly different with a complaint by the subject of a neutral State whose ship has been sunk at sea without being brought into port for adjudication; the former holding that such conduct was in certain circumstances permissible, the latter always condemning it. If the point before the Court were whether property of a neutral domiciled in a belligerent country was lawful prize, the English and French members would be divided. Where a French judge applied the test of nationality of the owner, an American or

English judge would look to his domicile. There are some half-dozen questions which must be settled if the Prize Court of Appeal is to give satisfaction; if it is not to be divided against itself, and if its decisions are to be consistent. In other words, there must be something like a code of neutrality; a statement of the rights and duties of neutrals at least as complete as that which exists respecting the usages of war on land.

It is an easy task to find shortcomings and imperfections in the work of the Congress. Obviously there has been much playing for one's own hand; much voting according to the immediate gains of particular nations; too little looking to common and permanent interests. We note many excellent proposals; we miss the presence of a unifying purpose. We hear much of the interests of this or that State; we catch few words indicative of a higher aim and wider outlook. Far from there being a disposition, such as was feared on the part of the delegates, to be flighty and over-ambitious, scepticism, timidity and over-caution have characterized the discussions. The delegate, much talked of before the Conference met, who lived in the clouds and dreamed dreams has been unknown. There has been a little too

The Albany Review.

much clinging to the earth, too great a disposition to hope for little, to take short views and to use inadequately a precious opportunity, too little of that vigor and boldness united with wisdom which enabled Lord Pauncefote to achieve a great success at the Hague in 1899. The work on hand has seemed greater than the men. "Let us not be too ambitious," the President's advice in his opening speech, has been perhaps a little too much taken to heart. But these criticisms and the like are not the whole truth. To-day the rights of neutrals are clearer and larger than they were. Obscure points have been cleared up. Some of the "voeux" expressed are as important as the "résolutions"; they may be the "résolutions" of to-morrow. The smaller Powers have had a hearing such as never before was given to them as to matters of moment. We note a reluctance on the part of the delegates to make much of their work. All the same, it is a beginning of an organization such as the world has not known; the first realizing of the hopes of far-seeing spirits who believed that the conduct of nations to each other might one day conform to the same standard as that which upright men in their dealings with each other seek to observe.

John Macdonell.

ROBERT BURNS AND CHARLES DICKENS.

Tradition relates how a Scottish "beadle o' the kirk," a character and therefore popular, was asked one Sunday morning by the "Supply" for the day whether or not it would be necessary to read a certain voluminous announcement from the pulpit at both diets of worship. "Deed no, minister," answered the officer, "it'll dae weel enough i' the afternoon." When the psalm after the sermon was being

sung, however, the beadle stealthily ascended the stair of the pulpit, and, leaning across the door of the rotund enclosure, placed one hand on the side of his mouth nearer to the congregation, and whispered in a sharp tone of authority to the preacher:—"I say, minister, you had better read that lang intimation just now; there'll no be mony folks here i' the afternoon." In the churches, it must be that the people

shall wish to hear the preacher again in the afternoon, for he must "draw." A law somewhat analogous to this prevails in literature. Poet and novelist must bear a second reading: the first book should quicken an appetite for more. From this point of view, the effectual calling to classic rank of Burns and Dickens, the one as poet in the eighteenth century, the other as novelist in the nineteenth, is established. To the works of both writers their readers must return at intervals. Ears cultured and untutored alike will listen scores of times, in many lands and tongues, to Dickens's *Christmas Carol* and to the songs of Burns. Not that popularity, contemporary or posthumous, or both, is in itself the final test of genius. Was not the genius of Browning greater than that of Burns? Or might it not be argued that Meredith and Hardy discover an order of genius superior to that of Dickens? Yet the ballad of *Tam O' Shanter*, and the lyrics of *Bonnie Doon* and *Afton Water* are known to thousands for every single person who has read *Paracelsus* and *Sordello*; and *Pickwick* and *David Copperfield* are for the daily bread of fiction to a constant multitude, while comparatively few are attracted to *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* or *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

The personality of Burns, together with his enduring fame, is the perennial wonder and puzzle of literary history. Born in poverty, in a clay hovel of a gardener, afterwards a peasant farmer, in the Westlands of Scotland; foredoomed to do battle against the *res angusta domi* from dawn to dusk of his short life of thirty-seven years as ploughboy, farmer, exciseman; victim at length of disease aggravated by the follies of romantic passion, which had cast off moral restraint in self-defence against injustice, neglect, and poverty; the poet's noble heart, his prolific imagination, his soaring fancy, discov-

ered through it all no symptoms of gross depravity; for even when death's night was closing around him, he composed some of his most finished lyrics; and he died predicting to his wife that he would be more highly respected as his country's "rustic bard" a century after. If Burns missed "sovereign power" through defect of "self-reverence" and "self-control," he was at least superlatively endowed with "self-knowledge." To the poet himself his strength and his weakness were better known, and expressed with more trenchant exactitude, than to Carlyle, Stevenson, or Henley. "I am in a fair way," he wrote facetiously to Gavin Hamilton from Edinburgh in his year of glory in 1786-7, "of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan; and you may expect henceforth to see my birthday inserted among the wonderful events in the Poor Robin's and Aberdeen Almanacks, along with the Black Monday and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge."

Hardly had the news of the tragedy of Burns's last years and death in the slow old times of 1796 spread throughout the two kingdoms, when poets and sages hastened as hero-worshippers to his grave in the churchyard of St. Michael's, Dumfries. Coleridge and Wordsworth, accompanied by the gentle Dorothy, were there in 1803. William Roscoe, biographer of Lorenzo de Medici, composed a glowing elegy to the peasant poet. In the summer of 1801, immediately after Dr. Currie, assisted by advice from Roscoe, had completed the earliest posthumous edition of Burns's works, supplemented by a remote, patronizing, and imperfect "Life," the first commemorative meeting was held in the town of Ayr, and attended by the two then surviving friends of the poet, Alken and Ballantyne. From about 1801 no anniversary of the birthday on January 25th passed without a convivial gathering of Ayr-

shire Burnsites in the cottage at Alloway. In the same dawning years of the century a birthday dinner was inaugurated in Greenock; and in 1805 Paisley followed, where Tannahill, the weaver poet, resided, who at this first Burns's dinner in the town recited his elegiac verses to the refrain:—

He's gone, he's gone, he's frae us torn,
The one best fellow e'er was born.

By 1808, twelve years after the poet's death, a birthday celebration was organized in Kilmarnock, at which William Samson, son of the hero of "Tam Samson's Elegy," was present. Other towns and cities soon began to commemorate the birthday, usually by a dinner of Burnsite cronies, who toasted the "Immortal Memory" in silence, and toasted themselves with boisterous hilarity and the chorus:—

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e, &c.

The social magnetism of Burns living survived in the writings of Burns dead, for was not the poet also the champion *par excellence* of human nature's inalienable title to social joys?—and had he not been the ideal Freemason, who called to himself as friends and brothers all who held their being on the principle that each should aid the others, and taught that none but the man "social, friendly, honest" fulfilled "great nature's plan"? Early in the last century his grave was disturbed in order that hero-worship, with more ardor than art, might erect over it a massive abortion of architecture, called "The Burns' Mausoleum." Through the intelligent devotion to the poet's memory of Hamilton Paul and Sir Alexander Boswell, the monument on the banks of the Doon was completed in the 'twenties. As the century grew in years, and new commerce enriched

the land, monuments arose to Burns in almost all the cities and important towns in Scotland. One was planted, also, on the Thames Embankment, several were raised in America and the Colonies, while the poet's bust was "skied" above the Shakespeare monument in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Deep into the popular heart struck the roots of this hero-worship, which, although continued mainly by Scotsmen, has received wide support from Burnsites of alien nationality to whom the gutturals of the Scottish vernacular have become sacred for Burns's sake. Admiration of Burns thus emerged in the form of a new fellowship, in a manner a *cultus*. To-day Burns Clubs and Societies are to be found in every town and many villages in Scotland, in the cities of England, in the United States, in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, in Calcutta. From Kilmarnock, historically a Burns site centre, the clubs have been organized into an imposing Federation, comprehending 145 clubs, 81 of which are reported from the United States and the Colonies, and this Federation publishes annually a "Burns Chronicle and Club Directory."

Easy were it to magnify the spots in this refulgent sun of fame. Not always have the disciples of Burns borrowed their wisdom from the master and eschewed his follies. To base uses has this sweet singer of social mirth been put, with the rôle forced upon him of select patron of the roystering and soaking crew who find an excuse for bibulous excesses in *Tam O' Shanter* and *Scotch Drink*, and such imperishable lyrics of the social hour as—"O, Willie brew'd a peck of maut," etc., and—"Auld Lang Syne." Wisdom's purer water of admiration for Burns exists in the silent deeps, where reading and thinking are done, far below the soiled, brawling foam created by Burns site roysterers. In what High-

land glen does not the laboring peasant beguile his cares with the poetry and songs of Burns, until admiration and love and pity and even reverence for the name passes into the life-blood of Scotland and her stalwarts draw courage and cheerfulness from intercourse with the poet's shade wherever they may wander? Hero-worship invariably produces a crop of that "extra-belief" which for Matthew Arnold was most clearly expressed by the German—*Der Aberglaube*. All worship, indeed, is mixed more or less with superstition and the Philistine stupidities thereof. Not through any extravagances of hero-worship, however, does the hero in literature survive, but in the light of the cumulative verdict of criticism, and through the continuous attention of Carlyle's "reflective reader." At the celebration of the Burns Centenary in Boston in 1849, Emerson surprised his audience, according to Lowell, who was present, by perorating in this epigram:—"The Memory of Burns—I am afraid Heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say."

Another of the same, with a difference, was given to the world in Charles Dickens. In the poet and the novelist, a certain fundamental unity of the spirit is conspicuous. Both heroes were cradled and reared in poverty. Dickens, albeit he loved the country with scarcely less ardor than did Burns, was essentially town-bred. To him the appeal of nature was less intimate, less insistent, than the appeal of human nature. The Portsmouth, Chatham, London, which furnished the environment for the childhood and youth of Dickens, were more remote from nature than the Alloway, Mount Oliphant, and Lochlea of Burns. Compensations follow climate and society. If the co-operant appeal of nature and bucolic young love were for Burns compensations inherent in poverty, Dickens, too, was compensated by

early impressions of many curious phases of human life, open to the eye for comedy, in which, as the diver might find a deposit of gold in the darksome depths of the sea, he discovered the majesty of the universe in "the angel heart of man."

In boyhood Burns saw his father distressed by landlords and their factors upon rack-renting intent. Upon evil days had agriculture then fallen. Markets were limited, or remote and inaccessible. The hydra-headed industrialism, flourishing now upon iron ore and coal in Ayrshire and Lanarkshire, and consuming the produce of the farms, had not then emerged in history. Although descended from Highland clansmen, William Burness, the poet's father, had outgrown the feudal loyalty which works out as sheer flunkylism, accepting the cuffs and kicks of the superior person with the inverted pride which counts it a distinction even to be kicked by the foot of an aristocrat. "I have met with few," wrote the poet of his father, in the autobiographical letter to Dr. Moore, "who understood men, their manners and their ways, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility are disqualifying circumstances; consequently I was born a very poor man's son." Nor did his evangelical piety of the Arminian type assist William Burness to subdue this "headlong, ungovernable irascibility"; for it made him self-conscious of the dignity of man, of the Divine right of rage and revolt against tyranny, and gave him insight of the ideal of personal and political freedom which was about to break at that epoch, like returning sunlight upon a waste of darkness, upon all the West, through the American Rebellion and the French Revolution. William Burness, the old peasant-farmer, who had married late in life, crushed and broken, yet in mind and spirit unsubdued, was the

hidden author behind the poet of "Ban-nockburn," and "A man's a man for a' that!" and the ode to independence, suggested by scaring wild-fowl at Loch Turret, with its note of democratic defiance:—

And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

John Dickens was hag-ridden by poverty, not on account of any "ungovernable irascibility," but because his temper was too easy. The fire in the blood in his case burned low, and wanted scarlet in its flame. Whimsical in his generosity, he sometimes made all-too-practical application of Burns's motto—"Each for the others"—for he was known to sell his own bed to oblige another; but he discovered that "the others" were seldom for any second "each," mostly for themselves! Grandiloquence in conversation, borrowed from the writers of the eighteenth century, was a barren substitute for the productive shifts of invention; and the patience proved disastrous which was eternally waiting for something to turn up, like the immortal Micawber, instead of helping oneself. In common with William Burness, John Dickens, on his merits, won the reverence of his son. "The longer I live the better man I think him," said Dickens of his father. "He never undertook any business, charge, or trust, that he did not zealously, conscientiously, punctually, honorably discharge. His industry has always been untiring." It was "the ease of his temper" that accounted for "the straitness of his means," for the domestic terror associated with "the deed" for his removal to the debtors' ward in the Marshalsea Prison, when from the deeps of dejection, all temperamental gaiety for the nonce eclipsed, he announced to his puzzled and sorrowing boy that "the sun had set upon the

family forever." Humorous exaggeration rules Micawber out of court as evidence for the character of John Dickens, but the eulogium passed upon him by Dickens to Forster suggests that he possessed many traits in common with the father of Burns. Success, however, as Emerson deftly phrased it, is "a constitutional trait"; and both "the ungovernable irascibility" of William Burness, and "the ease of temper" of John Dickens, being constitutional, cancelled success.

And so, on a small farm in Ayrshire, in the eighteenth century, Burns in youth endured much the same sorrows as those which befell young Dickens, in the following century, in the heart of London. In both instances genius thrived upon hardship; and Burns in *Man was Made to Mourn*, Dickens in his creation of *Little Nell*, discovered alike in saddest thought the soil of sweetest song. In the small, mean house in Baynham Street, Dickens, when a child, cleaned his father's boots and his own. At a tender age he was put out to work in a blacking warehouse at old Hungerford-stairs, his wages six shillings a week; an unhealthy old place, abutting on the river, and "literally overrun with rats." Subsequently he passed through the more wholesome drudgery of a junior clerk's post in the office of a City attorney. Alluding to the poverty of his boyhood, Dickens confessed that "when he had no money, he took a turn in Covent-garden market and stared at the pine-apples." Burns's father, while his children were yet very young, was "worn-out by early hardship, and unfit for labor." On the two farms of Mount Oliphant and Lochlea in succession, the family "lived very poorly." The poet held the plough almost as soon as his boy's stature reached above its handles. "This kind of life," he wrote, "the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing toil of a galley-

slave, brought me to my sixteenth year."

That poverty notwithstanding, both Burns and Dickens received somehow enough schooling to furnish a foundation of superior taste in letters, to awaken in them the passion for style, for wealth of vocabulary, for accuracy and color in diction. From the more modern point of view, of course, the modicum of pedagogic discipline allowed to them can hardly be described as an education, and the case of both, in this respect, was accurately summarized in Dickens's genial mimicry of his father's answer when interrogated regarding his son's education:—"Pray, Mr. Dickens, where was your son educated?" "Why, indeed, sir, ha! ha!—he may be said to have educated himself." Dickens owed much to the two years, from twelve to fourteen, during which he attended the Wellington House Academy; and Burns acquired more from the irregular tuition which he received from Murdoch—a clever teacher in Ayr and a linguist of the old order in Scotland—than the average youth derives from a complete and perfect academic course. Books to both these young geniuses became schools and schoolmasters. A plough-boy earning a maximum wage of £7 a year, *plus* food and a bed in the "garret," Burns's reading included Shakespeare, Pope, Addison's *Spectator*, Locke's *Essay*, and a collection of English songs then popular, which awoke in him a passionate response to the appeal of the lyric muse. In the impoverished home in Baynham Street, little Dickens had read *Tom Jones*, *Humphry Clinker*, *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, etc., before he was sent with the books to the pawnbroker's shop; and not only read, but inwardly digested, these masterpieces of eighteenth-century fiction. When driving his cart, or walking to labor, Burns pored over his favorite volume; he escaped the

modern vice of desultory reading among a bewildering mass of ephemeral books; and he came to know his few classics with the intimacy of the legitimate scholar. In disengaged hours, in intervals innocently pilfered, at the attorney's desk, Dickens, also, was a voracious reader; and if all men could use "a little learning" so well as he did, his protest in later life against Pope's argument for profundity or nothing would be justified by results. Ben Jonson's remark touching the imperfect scholarship of Shakespeare might have been made of Burns, for he, also, had "small Latin and less Greek." Nor did he at heart undervalue the culture of the schools, but wrote contemptuously of it only when he observed that men claimed for learning the potency to create brains and common sense. If born an ass, the University graduate will be an ass to the end of the chapter, and the more asinine for his load of scholastic lore, which sustains no organic relation to life, is non-producing, and never gets beyond the tongue.

On the side of external circumstances, the parallel breaks down at this point. Later the two streams of biography flow far apart, through contrasts of country and social climate. Dickens tasted the bitterness of poverty in boyhood only, and, at the age of twenty-three, he was earning seven guineas a week as a journalist on the staff of the old *Morning Chronicle*. Burns never earned more than thirty shillings a week at any time, and was pursued by the proverbial wolf to the tragic end. The publication of *Pickwick* in 1836, when Dickens was twenty-four, carried with it a conquest which knew no subsequent reverse, but continued to conquer through a thousand brilliant victories of peace, "not less renowned than war," until his death in 1870, when Westminster Abbey received his dust. In respect of

posthumous fame, however, the parallel is wonderfully resumed. As Burns, so Dickens has become a personality to his readers, known and felt somehow to be surviving in his works, yet in a mystic sense independent of his tales, a grand, concrete, throbbing sympathy, one of the "loftier brothers" who rise continuously before the imagination with "looks of beauty and words of good." Dugald Stewart testified that Burns seemed a greater man in his conversation than in his poetry; and his intimates felt that the personality in his case was imperfectly expressed in his works. His incomparably larger production notwithstanding, the same feeling was common among the personal friends of Dickens, and to Carlyle and others the novelist was greater than his tales.

Need we wonder, then, that the twentieth century should bestow upon Dickens a certain literary canonization similar to that conferred upon Burns in the last century? On 6th October, 1902, thirty-two years after the novelist's death, the Dickens Fellowship was inaugurated in London. After three years, the secretary had to report that 7,700 names had been enrolled as members. In this young Fellowship all civilized countries are already represented; in many lands branches have been established, seven in the United States of America. A Dickens Birthday Dinner, also, has taken shape, another "Immortal Memory" been added to the toast-list of literature, and now the 7th of February threatens rivalry against the 25th of January. "There may have been a time," Mr. Comyns Carr is reported to have said, "when there was a fear that Dickens might fade out of popular favor, but those times are past." A new generation has arisen since Dickens appealed directly to the public in his readings of the *Carol*, and *Pickwick*, and *Little Nell*, but the ardor of hero-

worship is equally intense among readers who never saw him in the flesh, nor felt the subtle magnetism of his dramatic manner, of his voice as attuned to all notes of humor or of pathos. There were times, likewise, when ultra-Puritan prejudice threatened to engulf the memory of Burns; but the descendants of the ploughmen, shepherds, dairymaids in the Westlands of Scotland, who in Burns's own day, as Robert Heron, his earliest biographer, witnessed, would stint themselves of clothes in order to purchase his poems, could not cease reciting the *Cottar*, and *Tam O' Shanter*, or singing *Duncan Gray* and *Mary Morison*, and *Afton Water*, until the broadening sympathy of Christendom came round to the prayer of Whittier:—

Give letter'd pomp to teeth of Time,
So *Bonnie Doon* but tarry;
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his *Highland Mary*!

In respect of literary form, of the technique of verse and prose, data of comparison are absent here. Burns and Dickens belonging to different periods in literary history, were influenced by contrasted models. Dickens composed no songs that have survived, while much of his prose was pitched to the top-note overmuch, written with an eye to immediate histrionic effect, the instrument of melodrama, discovering the artificer the more, the artist the less. Although he was a laborious writer, always weeding his little garden of production, a student of select models in Scottish vernacular poetry, in purpose and confession an imitator and a borrower, Burns, if his prose letters be excepted, was singularly immune from the defect of stagnance, and was possessed when he composed by his "ae spark o' nature's fire." They shared in common, however, the originality which is the exclusive dower of genius, for their work, respectively, is

unlike the work of any other, and irresistible in its appeal to human nature in all normal moods. But form apart—the elemental spirit—of chief importance here—was kindred, even in a manner identical, in both personalities. The same broad, universal sympathy, the same fervent interest in the inexhaustible varieties of the human lot, a kindred faith in the ideal truth of romance, and in the supremacy of “the human heart by which we live,” unite the two; and while Burns is remembered, Dickens cannot be forgotten. In the case of Dickens the feeling for nature is more restrained, less obtrusive, perhaps even less spontaneous, than in Burns, because in early life Dickens was very little alone in the country, and in youth’s impressionable years less constantly under the sway of brooks and flowers, and “lyart leaves” and the “surly blast,” than Burns. Love of solitude in the country was to Burns the test of the legitimate poet:—

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel’ he learn’d to wander,
Adown some trottin’ burn’s meander,
An’ no think lang;
O sweet to stray an’ pensive ponder,
A heart-felt sang!

Dickens also courted the Muse in solitary rambles in the character and title of a “Traveller Uncommercial” among the Kentish lanes, when mild nature there was appalled in her summer blooms; but for him the human interest was predominant, and by starting about midnight from the Waterloo Bridge on a tramp through “Shy Neighborhoods” in London, he derived a mysterious inspiration for his novels as Burns by contrast found his lyrics when wandering alone—

Adown some trottin’ burn’s meander.

No whit less generous was the “Uncommercial Traveller” than the ploughman; but Dickens took the measure of

his market when planning his work, whereas Burns all too literally “took no thought for to-morrow” in his art, and merely preached to others concerning “the glorious privilege of being independent”; for to this social cologn of vantage he never could himself attain.

Burns grips posterity through his songs, which Tennyson described as having in shape “the perfection of the berry,” and “in light the radiance of the dew-drop”; and by the two poems which illustrate his pathos and humor respectively—the *Cottar’s Saturday Night*, and *Tam O’ Shanter*. Pathos in Burns’s *Cottar* wells up from the conviction in the background of the poet’s mind that the world he knew was out of joint, otherwise worth—such worth as he had seen in his father—should not be denied the economic chance of some less “tollworn” existence. For revolt was temperamental and chronic in Burns. Sometimes this revolt was followed by a reaction of feeling; then the baffled rebel could only fall back upon resignation, upon a fatalism that soured the heart and turned mirth to melancholy, upon a pessimism that closed all doors of hope for the poor with “added proofs that man was made to mourn,” and “death the poor man’s dearest friend, the kindest and the best”; but this revolt was a constant factor in Burns’s career. It made him the fiery democrat, the Whig partisan; it got him into trouble by tempting him to approve in public of the earliest outburst of the French Revolution. And yet revolt was restrained in him by profound insight of the law of compensation. He perceived that honest poverty, clean, well-mannered, blessed with reverence, was never the fit object of pity, for the poor, on the average, were more happy than the rich. Among the former—

Love blinks, wit slaps, and social mirth
Forgets there’s care upon the earth.

All things considered, the "merry, friendly, countra folks" had the best of it, and the oppressed were often more blessed, less accursed, than their oppressors; for—

The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

Here Burns and Dickens meet and are at one. In both writers the temper of revolt is pervasive—the same alternations of hope and despair; the same democratic fervors; the same distress at sight of inefficiency and decline of parties and Parliaments; and these emotions restrained by the same perception of universal compensations.

Dickens was the poet in prose of urban poverty, of the struggle in the cities which grew with the growth of competitive commerce, with the expansion of London and New York, in the last century, with the emergence of the millionaire as the peculiar product of commerce or the Stock Exchange. And so *The Christmas Carol* is rooted in a sentiment dissimilar yet similar as compared with the feeling for Puritan poverty in Burns's *Cottar*; and the same pathos appeals to the reader in Bob Cratchit's Christmas dinner and in the cottar's "*cheerfu' supper*."

What Tam o' Shanter is in Burns, Dick Swiveller—in a minor degree Mark Tapley also—is in Dickens—the triumph of the humor of sympathy. In Burns sympathy with man was consistently universal; it reached the highest in rank, and was not withheld from the human wreckage strewn upon the coasts of life. The man interested him, not the aristocrat, not the peasant, not the outcast. In poetical kinship with Burns, Dickens represented "the great house of Human Interest Brothers." Dickens covered a wider variety of types than was accessible to Burns; but there was no essential difference between the human nature

which Burns explored in the villages of Scotland and that traced by Dickens among the tramps, gipsies, showmen, cheap-jacks, whose favorite *rendezvous* was a luxuriant nook in Kent, where he had made a close study of their nomadic habitudes, and derived the raw material for his Dr. Marigold, and Chops the Dwarf, and the White-haired Lady with the pink eye, with whom the Giant shared his meat-pie. "Bless the place!" wrote Dickens, "I love the ashes of the vagabond fires that have scorched its grass."

Burns has no devils. His "deil" was a roysterer much addicted to practical jokes, who might repent some day, and "still hae a stake"; and in the worst characters he traced a lingering remnant of good. In the few instances to the contrary in his works, he was the prejudiced sufferer, his breast lacerated by fierce indignation, his hurt pride roused to retaliate. The funeral of the unamiable "Mrs. Oswald" interfered with the poet's comfort, prevented him taking his ease at his inn when passing through Sanquhar in a snowstorm, and he embodied in vituperative verse the exaggerated "clash" of the district concerning this lady's wickedness, one alleged to be without "aught of humanity's sweet melting grace." If we except his Duke of Queensberry, his Lord Galloway, and one or two other personal oppressors, it will be found that Burns saw some good everywhere in man, and made the beauty inherent in it the burden of his lyric message. With Dickens the line of cleavage between good and evil in man was more clearly defined, Fagin and Bill Sikes are monsters of brutality unrelieved by any human tenderness; and, when challenged on this score, the novelist declared his belief that some men *did* exist whose careers gave not the faintest indication of a better nature. Yet Scrooge, capable of the repentance at

which he arrived, Nancy's fidelity—"the last fair drop of water at the bottom of the dried-up, weed-choked well"—afford a truer exegesis of human nature than that furnished by the melodramatic horrors in the lives of Fagin and Bill Sikes. For the absence of absolute devilhood in the poets, from Shakespeare and Milton down, is evidence for the Divine Idea of the Universe.

The formula of unification—universal sympathy with man—embodied in wit and humor and pathos, in satire's scorching flame, in cheerful sunshine of didactic optimism, supplies the key to manifold analogies in Burns and Dickens. *Holy Willie's Prayer* is the *ne plus ultra* in the satire of hypocrisy; and the false elder in Burns is of the kith and kin of Pecksniff, and Bumble, and Uriah Heep. Burns's Doctor Hornbook, taking the work of death out of death's hands with quack medicines, is the tribe of Mr. Venus, Articulator of Bones, and Sairey Gamp, who "went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish." Born in a land where theology and the weather were the staple of conversation, Burns could not escape conflict with the kirks, and made for himself many a bitter and grumly day by his "priest-skelping turns." His Black Russell, a preacher among the high-fliers, whose piercing words were like Highland swords; who carried "the hellish spirit" under his "holy robes"; who—

Could shake them owre the burning
dub,

Or heave them in;

is not far removed from Dickens's Melchisedek Howler, the ranter, who predicted the speedy destruction of the world—a speckled creature discharged formerly from the West India Docks "on suspicion of screwing gimlets into puncheons, and applying his lips to the

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orifice." In religion Burns and Dickens are of the broad school of tolerance of all sincere opinion, and charity towards all creatures, excepting blatant hypocrites. If the teachings of the New Testament "in its broad spirit," were for Dickens a satisfactory creed, Burns would gladly have subscribed the same confession, and the author of *The Chimes* might have written the closing lines of Burns's *A Winter Night*:—

But deep this truth impress'd my
mind—

Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

Dickens, in the temper of Burns, "went mad at the grimaces" of hypocrisy, at the "sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces" of sectaries vainly imagining that "three-mile prayers and half-mile graces" could be efficacious when accompanied by "greed, pride, and revenge," and "a raxin (elastic) conscience"! But reverence for religion pure and undefiled is not less conspicuous in the poet's *Epistle to McMath* than in the novelist's verses, composed for Lady Blessington's *Annual* in the transitional period of 1843, entitled:—"A Word in Season." To Burns religion was "maid divine," not defamed by him when he stigmatized her false friends; and it was the motive and purpose, likewise, of Dickens's parable to save religion from her friends:—

So have I known a country on the
earth

Where darkness sat upon the living
waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toll, and
death

Were the hard portion of its sons and
daughters:

And yet, where they who should have
opened the door

Of charity, and light, for all men's
finding,

Squabbled for words upon the altar-
floor,

And rent the Book, in struggles for
the binding—

and to extol the religious person as
one to be known by this test-mark, viz.,
that he—

Does all the good he can, and loves his
brother.

Burns and Dickens meet in the reverence of great men and the love of the common people. "Every great man," according to Mr. Comyns Carr, "thinks Dickens a great man." Exceptions are few and unimportant. And a similar recognition of genius by genius has from the first been accorded to Burns. In his own time, Dr. Blacklock, Mackenzie (*The Man of Feeling*), Dr. Blair, Professor Dugald Stewart, welcomed Burns to the *salon* of the Duchess of Gordon in Edinburgh at the age of twenty-seven. It fell to Scotland's capital, also, in 1841—to the newer Edinburgh of Jeffrey and Wilson and Peter Robertson—to first register the belief of great men, his elder contemporaries, in the genius of Dickens. Invited north by Jeffrey, Dickens was honored there by a public dinner, at the age of twenty-nine, when he "felt it was very remarkable to see such a number of gray-headed men gathered about his brown flowing locks." Jeffrey loved Dickens as "a younger brother," and went about in Edinburgh asserting that literature had produced nothing comparable to Little Nell since Cordelia. Carlyle, whose *Essay on Burns* located the poet within an impregnable fortress of sane criticism forever, knew and loved Dickens; and when the latter died in 1870, Carlyle testified that the death of no literary man had previously fallen on him "with such a stroke" as that he suffered at the passing of "the good, the gentle, the high-gifted, the ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of

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him a man." The great man in biography who has not confessed admiration for Burns is difficult to find. Some, while recognizing his genius, have, with Stevenson, placed the "feet of clay" above the "head of gold," while the late Mr. Henley, most ardent Burnside of them all, found the "feet of clay" even greater than the "head of gold." Thirty-seven years have passed since the death of Dickens, and, in the interval, genius has never forsaken him. "I delight and wonder at his genius," said Thackeray. Who does not? The late Sir Henry Irving confessed that he loved Dickens almost equally with Shakespeare.

Patriotism, not the love of one's country's puissance in war, but a passion for the security, well-being, happiness of the people, working in the medium of sincerity in art, was the deepest unifying note in these two otherwise far-severed lives. Of all poets Burns was the least mercenary. He knew not the art of charge, and was therefore unjust to himself and to his dependants. While the commercial instinct in Dickens was a factor of lucrative production, the love of country, the desire to overthrow tyranny and injustice, and to accomplish improved opportunities for labor and poverty, were in him the supreme controlling sentiments; and he was incapable of sacrificing his ideal purpose on Mammon's altar. Deep beneath all contrasts of genius, temperament, and circumstances, an identical altruism was characteristic of both men; and, although its light in Burns was feeble and less constant than in Dickens, the "rustic bard" composed his songs and the "Inimitable" his tales to the note articulated in *The Chimes*—that "not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood might be debarred their rightful share in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy."

J. M. Sloan.

THE RETURN OF THE EMIGRANT.

I.

THE SHIP THAT SAILED FROM BORONACH

About the middle of last century an emigrant ship went from Boronach in the West Highlands to Canada. It set sail on a fine warm evening in late autumn, some of the harvest being still out on the fields, and a light wind blew off the land to speed its going. A couple of hours before its departure a sturdy little boy stood in the door of a big barn at the end of the village watching the stir in the place and hearkening to the unusual tumult. He was too young to understand all that it meant, yet he knew that people were going away in a ship, and that some of them went unwillingly. That very morning he had heard men and women plead with his father to give them but a roof to cover them and let them stay where they were born, and his father had sworn with wild oaths that they should go, every man, woman, and child of them. As they had promised they should perform, and he had cursed them for fickle waverers, who did not know to-day what mind they would be in to-morrow. He lashed them with his tongue as the boy Colin had often seen him lash his dogs with his whip, and they seemed to cower before him—the women weeping, the men standing sullen,—till one turned on him at last and spoke out.

"Promise!" he had cried. "What kind of promise was it? Wasn't the knife to our throats, Allan Stewart? If the house and the land was to be taken from us, what could we do but to promise?"

And an aged bent woman had cried loudly, "What is has been before, and the curse that was on your father be

on you," and at that the man had grown white with rage and driven them away.

The boy was filled with wonderment, a sense of trouble was on him, and his handsome brave little face wore a serious solemn look as he stood in the barn door. At last curiosity drew him, and he clambered down the steep hill-side on which the barn was built and passed unheeded into the noise and commotion of the unwonted crowd that thronged the beach and jostled in the roadway before the low brown houses of Boronach. The boy had never seen so many people together in his life—no, not even on the Sabbath-days when many came to hear Mr. Rory in the church, and he went among them with his mother. To-day the shore was dark with people. There was a confusion of boxes and bundles littered everywhere; carts were left here and there along the roads, little rough ponies cropping the grass beside them; by the inn door stood the factor's carriage, and about the houses there were strange-like men in blue coats with belts and straps, and with high round stiff hats upon their heads. It was all very extraordinary. The boy sat down on a stone between the road and the shore, and, leaning his chin on his hands like an old man, watched everything intently.

There were boats filled with people going out to the strange ship in the bay, and those left behind on the shore were crying and lamenting and calling to those who went away. The quietest passengers seemed to be the old people, who got into the boats with difficulty and sat in them silently gazing towards the land. A few steps from the boy a man and a girl stood to say

good-bye. The girl could hardly speak for coughing, but the child thought he had never seen any one so pretty, her skin was so white and there was such a lovely red color in her cheeks.

"I will come back, Mhairi," the man was saying,—*"if it is the Lord's will, I will come back."* But the girl shook her head dry-eyed.

The little Colin looked up at them with wide-open eyes, for the man, who was big and grown and had a beard, was crying as he, Colin, would be ashamed to do. It was a strange crowd indeed—each group of people seemed to be alone in it, not heeding any other, certainly not the child sitting aloof on the stone, grave, absorbed, his blue eyes intent and watchful.

After a while he saw his father, head and shoulders taller than any one else, moving among the houses, his loud harsh voice heard all along the shore. At the sound of it Colin got up off the stone with a sudden guilty feeling. His father had bidden him stay in the house, and, tempted by the noise and excitement, he had disobeyed. He was loath to go home now, yet the storm of his father's anger was not to be lightly faced, and he slipped into the shelter of the houses and would have hidden himself had not curiosity again drawn him. From a low thatched dwelling came sounds of high voices, and the boy ran to it and peeped in cautiously at the door. His father and a little dark man stood in the middle of the floor facing each other and talking loudly. A little crowd of women watched them with frightened faces, while just inside the threshold a barefooted baby girl laughed to herself quite unconcernedly, and, with a little tin mug, seemed to be engaged in baling the contents of a pail of water out on to the earthen floor. The house was filled with blue peat-smoke from the fire, and Colin

peering through the haze of it thought his father was like a giant beside the other man.

"You will go with the rest," he was saying stormily. "You were warned with the rest. You got notice with the rest. You have defied me and stirred up others to defiance, but you will not defy me now." And he swore great oaths.

"I will not go," said the small dark man, his pale face working with emotion. "I am not afraid of you, Allan Stewart. You deceived the others, you and the factor, but you did not deceive me. Where is the money the people were to get? You made them homeless, and now you are to make them penniless as well."

He poured out a torrent of words that were beyond the boy's comprehension. There was something in them about promises and the signing of a paper, and they seemed to put his father's rage beyond control.

"You shall go," he shouted. "I will rid Boronach of you and your songs and your mischief. You shall go."

"I will not go," answered the other doggedly, and he set himself down on a settle by the fire.

Allan Stewart stepped to the door and beckoned to some stranger men who were standing near, little Colin hiding himself the while behind a peat-stack. Presently he ventured out and peered once again round the corner of the door. The little dark man was down on his back on the floor and was struggling furiously.

"Tie him," Colin's father called out, "tie him," and a man took up the rope of a creel that was lying in a corner and tied his hands and feet. The women were screaming, and there was a great commotion.

Above the noise the boy heard his father's wild voice. "You will not defy me again, Angus Bard," he was saying—"I have put up with you long

enough"; and again there were stormy words, and Colin shivered at the door, tears of pity and terror filling his eyes. It had come into his mind to run home to his mother, when the baby pulled him by the pinny. She had dropped her tin mug, and her eyes, shining through a tangled mass of dark curls, danced with a queer roguery.

"Boy," she whispered gleefully,—"Boy! come wis Barabel"; and off she set at an uncertain trot down the road, her head bobbing, every motion of her eager little body proclaiming the joys of flight and of freedom.

Colin watched till she disappeared down a by-way between two houses, then he trudged after her. He was not allowed to play with the Boronach children—such was the pride of the poor broken son of a gentleman who was his father,—but this evening was lawless, and the mischievous friendliness of the baby's eyes was grateful to the solitary child. She gave a little gurgle of laughter when he overtook her and bolted breathlessly in at an open barn-door.

"Wild man no catch Barabel," she remarked. She pulled at the door with her tiny hands. "Shut!" she commanded imperiously, and Colin pushed away the stone that kept the rough door open and threw it behind him.

Meanwhile the noise and tumult outside in the village was growing greater. No one had noticed the children disappear; every one in Boronach except the helplessly sick and bedridden had crowded down to the shore. When Angus Grant—or Angus the Bard, as he was called—was carried helpless out of his house and put into one of the boats, low murmurs and mutterings of rage and indignation were heard everywhere; yet such was the terror inspired by the men who at this time ruled Boronach, that no one dared to interfere, or even to express open anger.

Presently the cry arose that the Bard's child, the little motherless Barabel, was not to be found. Search was made for her here, there, and everywhere, and as the last boat was ready to leave the shore, some one declared she had been seen with her mother's sister and her family, who were also emigrants, and had already gone aboard.

Angus himself did not so much as think of her. After the ropes with which he had been bound were untied, he sat upon the deck of the ship like one stupefied, and gazed toward the land. The anchor was taken up, the boats drew away, their occupants shouting last farewells. All about him were sounds of weird Gaelic wallings and lamentations. The daylight had gone, but a round harvest moon had risen behind the high hills of Boronach, and in the light of it the dark houses, the smooth water lapping on the shore, and the white church on the brae above the village, were all clear and distinct. Then of a sudden, right in the centre of the township, a flame leapt up, and grew strong and stronger, till there was a great blaze.

Angus the Bard sprang to his feet with a stifled cry. It was his dwelling-house that was on fire, and this was Allan Stewart's vengeance on the man he hated—the only man in Boronach who had ever defied him. It was a poor barn of a place, hardly worth the name of a house, and it was now some time since the factor had condemned it, but it had been his own: he had brought his wife to it, and only a few weeks ago she had died in it, and her coffin had been carried over the threshold. Standing on the deck of the vessel, he watched its destruction with an excitement that showed itself in the tremor of his limbs, the glitter of his eye, and the emotional working of his whole face.

When the ship rounded the headland

at the mouth of the bay, and Boronach, with the little leaping tongue of flame in the centre of it, was no longer to be seen, he clenched his hands together and looked up. "Hear me," he said, in a low tone of intense passion; "I am without a house or land, and I have no English, but I will make him repent yet what he has to-day done."

Two women came rushing up to him, evidently greatly excited, the tears rolling down their cheeks. "Oh, Angus!" cried one of them, "Angus! The child! She is lost—little Barabel. She is not with us at all; she is left behind. Oh, Angus! what will be done? what will be done?" The man looked at them as if he were hardly affected by what they told him.

"She is to his account," he said stonily.

It must have been near midnight when the boy Colin awoke in the barn. He had all his life a sort of confused remembrance of the events of the day on which the ship sailed: of how he had shut the door of the barn with all his might, and then had not been able to open it again; of how the baby cried, and afterwards they must have dropped to sleep in the hay. What happened after that he remembered very clearly and distinctly. He awakened with the noise of the door being pushed open, and two men entered with a lantern, and, ejaculating loudly, carried him and the lassie, who was crying, into the bright moonlight of the open air. Afterwards they were taken into a house where there was a throng of people about a fire of peats,

and there were loud exclamings and excited talk, and the little lassie was seized on by the women, and quieted and petted and wept over, and at first no one heeded the boy. Then some one pulled him forward into the light.

"Who have we here?" he said, and of a sudden there was silence in the room, people looking with a fierce significance at each other and then at the little Colin.

"This has a bad look," said some one loudly.

"This is more black work, or how came the lassie to be in such company," cried another, and such looks of hate and rage were bent on the boy as made him shrink back into the shadow, not knowing what he had done. Then an old bent woman rose from her seat beside the fire and pointed at him.

"Open the door!" she cried shrilly. "Bad as I am, I will not have one of the breed under my roof."

Rough hands seized him, the low door under the sooty rafters was thrown open, and he was thrust out into the night,—a child so young, that in the strange bright lights and shadows of the hour he could not even tell his way home. He began to run, out of sheer terror of the faces and voices behind him, and as he ran, he cried and sobbed and stumbled, till at the end of the long shadowy road figures loomed before him, he heard his mother's voice, and fell tired and shaken and trembling into her open arms.

Lydia Miller Mackay.

(To be continued.)

TO MADRID IN A MOTOR-CAR.

When I first began to question people as to the possibility of comfortable road travelling in Spain, the result was disheartening. "The roads are awful," "Spanish hotels are the worst in Europe," "The food is uneatable," etc., etc. Close inquiry, however, usually revealed the fact that my informant had not been in the country for a good many years. At last I found some one in possession of really reliable and up-to-date information, who was much more encouraging, yet even he seemed to fancy that sometimes we might find things pretty bad.

The Touring Department of the R.A.C.G.B.I. (which any motorist will interpret to the ignorant) were, as usual, exceedingly civil and painstaking in supplying any information at their disposal; but even they could not speak positively as to the certainty of always finding petrol, or as to the state of the roads in May, and the things they tried to persuade me were road maps looked as if an apoplectic spider had been drying himself on a sheet of foolscap after a bath in a bottle of red ink. The best one, they candidly confessed, had been made by the Duke's officers during the Peninsular War!

At last I discovered that there was a road map of Spain worthy of the name, compiled by a French Capitaine de Génie, Prudent by name, some twenty years ago, and of this the Club people managed to obtain the necessary sheets for me from Paris. It is on too small a scale to compare very favorably with Taride or other well-known road maps, but is (so far as we tested it) quite accurate, and marks the roads clearly enough. At any rate, it is many times better than nothing; for although there are not many roads in

Spain, it is occasionally quite possible to take the wrong one.

Our car was a new one, a "forty," christened Bianca. Good old Clementina, faithful companion of our excursions into Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and France, has been fitted with a new body and relegated to street life. Her soul is as indomitable as ever; the life of a well-made car, properly looked after, is going to be much longer than people imagined possible a few years ago, and Clementina bears her four years of active service as if she were fresh from the testing shop.

There are few joys so great as the first few drives on a spick-and-span new car of considerably greater horsepower than the old one. How she leaps to a touch of the throttle pedal, how quiet she is, and how she slides uphill as if pushed on by an invisible hand! Then the side entrance: with what pride does the owner hand in his ladies, as if he had never seen them squeezing into an uncomfortable tonneau in his life! The push pedals, the gate change, the knowing rake of the steering pillar (strongly suggestive of more than a touch of speed),—all such little novelties delight the heart of the owner-driver, even though he knows that for stark reliability it will be impossible ever to beat the trusty old slave now left disconsolate in the coach-house.

Bianca was new, yet not too new. Several hundred miles of crowded England had been covered in all sorts of weather, but how we longed all the while for the time to come when we should really be able to let her out on these magnificent French highways.

We swung out of London one fine afternoon towards the end of April,

bound for Southampton and the mid-night boat. At Winchester an annoying thing happened. One of the foot-brakes was not biting well (Bianca has two, as well as the ordinary hand-brake), so while we drank tea Frederick was directed to take it up a couple of turns. In doing so he let the swivel-bolt drop behind the drum into a kind of pocket formed by the back of the drum with the gear-box. Half an hour's fishing with copper-wire loops failing to retrieve the bolt, we turned over our stock of spare parts, and to our joy discovered a thick square-headed steel pin, with a thread at its other end which would take the nut of the vanished bolt. This made a perfectly good job of it, which gave no trouble, though it seemed safer to dismantle the brake when opportunity offered and to replace the proper part.

Next morning found us steaming into Havre, after a troubled night. It was foggy, and the siren wailed over our heads at frequent intervals, sleep-dispelling and uncomfortable. We were delighted to find it high tide (cars can only be landed at high water), and before noon had, with Mr. Burton's ever-ready assistance, disposed of all the formalities and a good breakfast, and were bumping over the granite setts through the suburbs of Havre *en route* for Wonderland, which is a happy country only to be reached by road,—no trains are allowed to cross its frontier.

At Harfleur we turned off sharp to the right, and presently crossed the Seine by the steam ferry at Quillebœuf, which has a most precipitous entrance and exit, only to be tackled easily by cars of a good hill-climbing breed. Thence by pleasant lanes to Pont Audemer, on by Bernay and Alençon over a beautiful highway to Le Mans. For the first time we could see what our "forty" would really do, though not for any gold would I confide to an

unsympathetic world the secrets which the speedometer revealed. A back tube burst like a clap of thunder a few miles before Le Mans, and within two hundred yards of our hotel we ran out of petrol—two sufficiently annoying little incidents at the end of the day. Next morning we saw the beautiful cathedral, which with its clustering chapels looks like an old gray hen brooding over her chickens, and the church of Notre Dame de la Couture. Our stay that night was at Poitiers—an old friend which we visited with joy,—and the next day we went on leisurely to Angoulême, an easy run. Here it was hot, and we began to feel as if we were getting south, though we were disillusioned next day. Few towns stand more beautifully than Angoulême, on its cliffs above the wide Charente and the little gleaming Anguienne. The cathedral is a fascinating Romanesque building, which suffered a good deal at the hands of iconoclastic Calvinists. If only the breakers of beautiful things could be made to realize the sum of pleasure which they take away from those who come after them!

We started next morning about the same time as a big Mercédès. A wrong turning before we were quit of the town gave them a lead, and after that they plainly did not mean to be caught. Their dust was amazing, so we did not hurry. It was over this road that the fatal Paris-Madrid race (stopped at Bordeaux) took place, in which so many drivers and spectators lost their lives,—largely because of the blinding dust, which obscured everything but the tree-tops.

At Libourne we left the Bordeaux road and went across country by Sauveterre and La Reole, till we hit the Bayonne road at Grignols. The nearest way between Bordeaux and Bayonne is, of course, over the Landes country; but Taride marks all the

Landes roads as "pavé" or "mauvais état," so we went round. It was four o'clock by the time we got to Mont-de-Marsan, and had been raining steadily for the last two hours; also the wind was icy, and although a glass-screen and properly built hood keep one as dry as need be, they are draughty contrivances,—especially when a strong side-wind blows. So we shirked the remaining 100 kilometres to Biarritz, and stayed in comfort at Mont-de-Marsan for the night.

Next morning being the Sabbath, we were wakened up at a smallish hour by the chatter of an animated fruit and vegetable market in the street outside our hotel. The run to Biarritz was cold and uneventful, with more rain,—wonderful stretches of straight road through the forest, but a very indifferent surface, with some awful bumps now and again. Biarritz we found fast emptying of its spring visitors—the principal local feature both there and at Bayonne being some huge red advertisement posters of an enterprising tailor, depicting King Edward in a fancy hunting costume.

We tarried a day or two in the hope that the weather would mend; but it remained cold, wet, and miserable. The morning of our departure was particularly gloomy, and the Pyrenees were shrouded by heavy storm-clouds which broke upon us before we reached St. Jean de Luz. I should here mention that there is a particularly vile level-crossing between Bidart and St. Jean. It is marked: but the notice-board is not easily seen, with the result that we bumped over it at perhaps eight miles an hour with terrific leaps and bounds. However, nothing carried away; but it should be taken at an absolute crawl.

At Béhobie I obtained the French douanier's signature to my "Triptyque," and we rolled across the long bridge over the Bidassoa into Spain.

Everything is quite easy at the Irun custom-house if one is armed with a pass from Monsieur Lafitte, the Club agent at Biarritz. The Spanish douaniers, though they carried out a rigorous examination of car and luggage, were tolerably civil, if gruff; the chief annoyance being the huge import duty it was necessary to pay on the 50 litres or so of petrol in the tank, which worked out at over a half peseta per litre. Here it may be said that everything connected with motoring in Spain is abominably dear: petrol, which was often of a very poor quality, to judge by the way the car ran on it, cost from five to six pesetas for the 5-litre can—i.e., about 3s. 6d. a gallon. Seven pesetas were often asked, but the price could be got down by bargaining, as a rule, though I could never bring it below five pesetas. Oil cost about three times as much as in France and four times as much as in England, and any accessories were at least double their proper price.

The road between Irun and San Sebastian is very beautiful; and the latter place, even in the rain, looked most attractive as we sped through. The way runs along the river Oria, a turbulent stream, through Tolosa to the village of Beasain, where we left the Oria. By a curious optical delusion, although we were running steadily uphill all the while, meeting the rushing torrent, the road appeared to be a downhill one: the reason I cannot give, but so it was, and on the reverse journey, although from the running of the car one was obviously going down quite a considerable gradient, the road looked level. Of course every motorist or cyclist knows well how very deceptive some hills are: quite a steep hill to look at may give much too flattering an idea of the power of one's motor or of one's legs; and another again, which looks so gentle, will take considerably more out of either form of engine than

one supposed possible. The "tilt" of the surrounding country probably had something to do with it, and the phenomenon occurs oftenest, I think, as one approaches a range of hills or mountains. It was so strongly marked in this case that at times the Oria looked as if it were running uphill!

Passing through the narrow street of Idiazabal, we began to climb in earnest, and for the next six or seven miles it was a case of second speed, with an occasional touch of the third.

At the top of the pass there is a toll-house, and we were mulcted of six pesetas by a most surly person, who had a scowl worth a fortune to a melodramatic villain. It is almost a misnomer to call this road into Spain a pass: one goes down for perhaps half a mile and no more on the south side, and finds oneself in a hilly upland country, some 2500 feet above the sea, thickly grown with beech woods as far as the little town of Alsásua, open and treeless beyond it. The road, which so far had been excellent, began to deteriorate, and was scored deeply with narrow ruts, made by the knife-like edges of the thin wheels of the local carts. These wheels look like the cover of a well with a small strip of metal round the rim, and are admirable road-destroyers.

The day was as wet and cold as could be; the road, after Alsásua, made traveling at anything over twenty-five miles an hour or so an impossibility, if one would avoid being shaken out of one's seat; the delays at the frontier had eaten into the forenoon; so when we arrived at Vittoria at about four o'clock, it was put and carried *nem. con.* that we stay there the night, though it had been our intention to push on to Burgos.

Vittoria is an uninteresting town, and the inn there reeks of rancid oil. However, the rooms were tolerable and the food quite good, and when next morn-

ing broke clear and sunny we were glad that we had stayed. Bianca had spent the night in a huge tumble-down empty shed, which, however, had the merit of being able to be locked up.

The petrol we obtained from mine host was cheapened from 6 pesetas to 5.50 the litre: it had a queer smell, but the car ran on it, though none too well. One of our perpetual troubles was the bargaining necessary over every and any expenditure: a Spaniard and particularly a Spanish inn-keeper, always asks more than he will take. Some people appear callous to this method of dealing, or even rather like it; for ourselves it was a constant irritation, even if a minor one. Occasionally, if hurried or forgetful, one neglected the cheapening process, and then had the uncomfortable certainty that one had been done!

Vittoria seemed to have a biggish infantry garrison. They were undersized, unintelligent-looking little brown men for the most part, and in their ugly caped greatcoats looked like badly trussed chickens. Their white gloves were dirty and in holes, their general appearance most unprepossessing. Some cavalry men and gunners that we saw later were a much more soldierly-looking lot.

A few miles from the town we tried to make out the principal features of the battlefield, where the Duke won what was perhaps his completest victory in the Peninsular War. It was stirring to think that this odd-looking bizarre countryside had been traversed by a victorious British army only a hundred years ago: one realized on a sudden that thousands of men of one's own blood must have had this self-same scene burnt indelibly on their brain. That chocolate-colored hill there must have been on the extreme left of the French line of battle; this ridge of slate-gray limestone bluffs, into which the road sinks in a shallow

cutting, their main position; that little mud-colored village, Arinez, taken and retaken and taken again by Picton's division and Kempt's gallant Rifles, was the place where King Joseph's centre made their last stand. Save for the railway, which is for the most part out of sight in the ravine of the Zadorra, the scene can have altered little since that warm June day, well-nigh a hundred years ago. Strangely enough, moreover, local tradition says that it was on this self-same spot that Edward the Black Prince, fighting with his adventurous army in a quarrel that concerned him not one whit, lost a part of his cavalry under Sir William Felton, who was utterly routed by Don Enrique's brother, Don Tello. The Duke, writing home after his victory to Lord Wellesley, mentioned in his letter that "the battle was fought yesterday on the ground called in the country The English Hills, on which the Black Prince fought a battle against the French." The Duke was wrong, however: the big battle in which the Black Prince, fighting on behalf of Pedro the Cruel, defeated Don Enrique and his French adherents, took place at Navarrete, some miles away, and it was almost certainly Felton's disastrous action which was fought near the steep banks of the Zadorra.

The Black Prince's most notable prisoner at Navarrete was Bertrand du Guesclin, and at the risk of irrelevancy I cannot refrain from recounting the consequences of the downfall of that perfect knight. (This is not meant sarcastic: he *was* a perfect knight, according to the old code of chivalry.) Edward sent a letter to his captive, saying that he rated him so high that no ransom was adequate: du Guesclin must therefore consider himself a prisoner till the war was over. The Frenchman replied that never had so splendid a compliment been paid him

in his life before, and that his captivity was indeed an honorable one. The Prince, delighted with the answer (also, possibly, disgusted with the vile Pedro), then said that he would give du Guesclin his freedom if he would name his own ransom. "Then, when all supposed that the Constable would name some small sum for his ransom so that he might gain his freedom at once, Bertrand replied, that though a poor knight, without gold or money, he would name a hundred thousand gold francs for himself, and give good security for the payment. At which all marvelled, the Prince at Sir Bertrand's greatness of heart, and they at the confidence the prisoner had in his king and fellow-nobles."¹ The ransom was paid.

The road by the river was excellent, and continued so as far as Miranda de Ebro. Between the Ebro and the Obarénes Mountains it was unaffectedly bad, a bumpy surface covered with loose flints, but it began to improve again as soon as we got into the hills, and in the beautiful Pancorbo gorge was very good. The limestone rocks are here tortured and twisted into a Dolomitic grotesqueness, and the river Oroncillo, the road, and the railway fight for the possession of the narrow passage between the sharp gray cliffs.

A refractory mule wanted the whole village of Pancorbo to himself, and was so excited that his owner had to take him into the front parlor before we could pass along the narrow street. The dogs and the mules in Spain need a deal of watching. The principal rural interest seems to be that of leading strings of unladen mules from one village to another; and as soon as you try to pass they all with one accord proceed to take refuge in the adjoining fields. Sometimes their conductor solves the difficulty by taking them

¹ Hobbs, from Old Spanish Chronicle.

there himself, and he is usually quite civil and cheery about it all. The dogs are all possessed of a suicidal devil; and as they are usually very large, and live by whole companies, even in the tiniest villages, one's work is cut out if one would avoid a wholesale slaughter. After a while I made Frederick arm himself with small stones, which sometimes quelled their ardor, and convinced them that the proper station in life of a self-respecting cur dog is not immediately under the radiator of a moving motor-car.

We stopped at Burgos for lunch, leaving the car perforce in the street outside the hotel, as the coach-house was full. On coming out again we found Frederick and Blanca the centre of a large and admiring crowd, whose excitement, when we poured a few cans of petrol into the tank, knew no bounds. Two elderly beadles—I beg their pardon, "guárdias de orden publico"—were trying vainly to keep the children back with their staves, calling out angrily, "Niños! niños!"; but the "niños" took little notice. The "watch" of the old Spanish towns is about as useful as it was in England in Shakespeare's time. Very different is the "guárdua civile," or country constabulary—fine-looking fellows, with a first-class reputation for efficiency. They always hunt in couples, and one would sometimes meet eight or ten pairs of them in the course of a day's run,—big men, in a smart uniform, on good horses, armed with a carbine and sword. Some folk will tell you that they are the only efficient body in all Spain.

Leaving Burgos behind us, with the full intention of staying there on our return journey, we proceeded gaily for some five miles over an excellent road before we discovered that we were heading towards not Valladolid, but Soria. An urchin from the hotel, whom we had seated on the step to

guide us out of the town, had set us wrong. Never accept any local information about anything, is a good rule in Spain. Great is the ignorance of the lower-class Spaniard about all things two yards away from his nose. The children are more to be relied on than their parents, which is saying little. We had to turn back almost into Burgos again, but then had no trouble in finding the right road, with the help of Baedeker and Prudent.

A large car overtook us that afternoon, rather to our disgust. One does not like to be passed in a "forty." Blanca had a fit of the slows though, and was not pulling well; the petrol we had bought at Burgos was dreadfully dirty, and the gauze in the petrol pipe was nearly choked up by the time we reached Valladolid.

Two or three of the villages along this stretch of road are very curious, in that the houses are hollowed out of the ground. One had imagined that troglodytes and cave dwellings belonged to a far distant past; yet at Tariego, and at another village whose name I forget, quite half the houses are merely excavations in the side of the hill.

The last twenty miles or so before Valladolid were dreadful: the road became a sort of shingle beach in places, studded with hillocks, and we groaned for our springs and tyres. Even in the town itself the surface is execrable; and the Calle Doña Maria de Molina, in which the Siglo hotel stands, is, I should think, the worst in Europe!

Next day we roamed about the town, wondering at the inchoate cathedral, an unfinished and melancholy building, admiring the beautiful patio of the Collegio de San Gregorio, with its slender columns and gorgeous richness of design, inquisitively inspecting the lecture-rooms of the old university under the guidance of a civil porter. The university is obviously and wo-

fully poor: the science school and laboratory would be no credit to a second-rate provincial grammar-school; and all the rooms and buildings are small, grimy, and badly furnished. Yet one could not but feel that here was one of the few centres of light and leading in Spain—proud, stupid Spain,—that the work being done was of incalculable value, and that in these seedy-looking boys and their professors lay the chief hope the country has of getting out of the hopeless slough of ignorance in which she is so firmly fixed.

We left Valladolid on a bright sunny morning for our last stage to Madrid. The road was very bumpy for twenty-five kilometres or so, then suddenly improved, and for fifty or sixty miles was as good as any highway in Europe, making forty miles an hour possible for the first time since we had crossed the frontier. It is a straight, uninteresting road this, across the great plain of Castile; here and there appears the stump of a ruined windmill; and the infrequent, closely clustering villages serve but to accentuate the dreary loneliness of the land. Then the Guadarrama range comes slowly into view, till you cross a little river (the Voltova, I think), and turn up into the foot-hills of the great barrier between Old and New Castile.

In the last village before we left the plain, to us, proceeding warily on the look-out for "caniveaux," suddenly appeared a distraught and grimy Frenchman; two more followed him from out an unsavory-looking inn. Their car, they said, almost in tears with agitation, was in that shed. Here they had been for six hours, run out of petrol—twenty kilometres from the telegraph even; and here they might have to stay the night if I could not give them some "essence." Happily I had twenty litres on board, as well as a fairly full tank, so was able to let them have enough to take them on.

Their gratitude was profound, and even embarrassing; but certainly the prospect of a night in that unattractive spot was not alluring. There are not many cars on the road in Spain, and they might have had to wait some time for more "essence." We met No. 1 Frenchman afterwards in Madrid (he looked a very different person when he was washed and shaved), and he told me that they had reached Guadarrama town safely, and had there been able to buy enough petrol to take them on to Madrid.

The top of the pass over the Sierra de Guadarrama is close upon 5,300 feet above the sea, and as the weather had been cold we did not know but what we might find snow. But there was nothing more formidable to surmount than acres of unrolled granite, and the ascent from the north side is neither so long nor so formidable as from the south. There are some five miles of hill between the stone lions which mark the summit of the pass and the village of Guadarrama at the foot on the Madrid side, and the average gradient is about one in six. It is as severe a hill-climb as can possibly be imagined, and let no one whose brakes are not just the thing run down it. The mountains were clad in snow but a few hundred feet above us, and the view was very wonderful. The Sierra has a different coloring to any other range I have seen,—a greener tint, and a character that is all its own.

We did not pass by the Escorial, but took the direct road to Madrid through Torrelodónes, over quite a fair road, and by five o'clock were entering Madrid, under the shadow of the stately palace. Hitherto we had followed the French rule of the road, and all had been well; but now, to our astonishment, we found that the English rule held good,—a fact borne in upon us by a narrow escape from collision with a large car, on what we

supposed was its wrong side, at the corner by the palace.

Very beautiful is the palace: surely the best situated in Europe. Standing at the edge of the hill, it faces the open country (Madrid has no suburbs), with the blue-green Guadarrama mountains in the distance. "Vous êtes mieux logé que moi, mon frère," was Napoleon's remark to Joseph when he arrived before Madrid at the head of his victorious troops early in December 1808: a few days later he left the place for ever upon his frantic but vain endeavor to capture Sir John Moore and a British army.

We found ourselves in comfortable quarters on the Puerta del Sol—busiest square of Spain's cheerful capital. Bianca was lodged in a well-found garage some distance away; for the first two days of our stay Frederick occupied himself with her wheels and tyres. The former, ball-races and all, had stood the hammering without a sign; the latter were sadly cut about by the loose flints, and it was necessary to change those on the back wheels—brand-new studded non-skids though they were when we left London. Fortunately we had three new non-skids as spares,—fortunately, because of the huge price of tyres in Spain.

We saw the usual sights: the wonderful Prado galleries where every picture almost is by a master, with Velasquez's great genius towering over them all; other galleries, museums, the palace, the Armeria. We went to a bull-fight, and wished we had stayed away. It is quite as unpleasant as people say, and the cruelty to the horses turns one sick. If it was merely an affair between the men, who are undoubtedly very skilful, and the bull, who is probably so mad with rage as to be past feeling much pain, one could shrug one's shoulders at the queer game and find some excuse; but for the torture of those poor, old, blindfolded

screws there can be no shadow of palliation. After three bulls had been killed we had seen more than enough, especially as the horses in the third encounter had already been badly gored in the second, and the third bull was not killed neatly, but ran about bellowing for a while with the espada's sword sticking out of his shoulders.

More to our taste was the first motor-car show ever held in Madrid, which had been opened by the King, who is, as every one knows, an affectionate lover of the gentle art of motoring, and a most accomplished chauffeur. The building was a spacious one, well decorated, and the show very fairly representative of the French and Italian industry. Save for three or four Daimlers, mounted on a most attractive stand, where you were handed a well-got-up catalogue in Spanish, an Austin or two, a six-cylinder Iris—which had come through by road,—and two Humbers, tucked away in an annexe, England was unrepresented. I suppose many of our makers are so full up with orders at home that they can afford to neglect such a comparatively limited market as Spain can offer; but the poor show England made was a little galling to one's national pride. Motoring in Spain is too expensive to be very popular, and those Spaniards who do own cars—and there were quite a lot about in Madrid—seem to use them more for slowly trundling up and down the Paseo de Castellana or for a drive in the Royal park than for anything like touring.

One day we ran over to Toledo, and spent several happy hours in that fascinating ancient city of Moors and Visigoths. It is impossible to realize the lengths to which richness of ornamentation can be pushed till one has seen Toledo and Burgos cathedrals. The effect is very wonderful, but most Anglo-Saxons will prefer the grand simplicity of Canterbury or Winches-

ter. No doubt it is only a matter of temperament, however. We made a half-circuit of the city, after crossing to the other side of the Tagus in order to get a good view of the old walls: the track was a narrow one, and our little guide, a Dutchman from Madrid, became very unhappy, thinking his last hour had come. A guide is a sheer necessity in Toledo: the winding alleys twist and double like the paths of a maze, without a single main street whereby to fix one's bearings. The road between Madrid and Toledo is a bad one, but nothing, I believe, to what you find farther south.

The morning for beginning our return journey came all too soon. We took the road that goes by the Escorial, and paid a short visit to that gloomy monument of Spain's dead kings. A more depressing place cannot be imagined. It stands in wild country, under the shadow of the Sierra; sombre and forbidding, it frowns out over the lowlands to the south, showing a more sympathetic face to the abrupt northern mountains. The great gloomy church is haunted by the tortured ghost of its dying founder, Philip II., whose last agonizing gaze turned to the high altar, under which he rests in solemn splendor with his fellow-kings. Very silent and thoughtful one becomes on leaving the sepulchral chamber beneath the great church. Here lie the kings whose names were names of authority and terror throughout the old world and the new; who ruled an empire huge in extent, powerful, wealthy, all-conquering. Now their dry bones lie here; their empire is vanished like a dream, the shadow of a shade. Their country no more controls the destiny of others,—can barely control her own. And more lies buried here than the mere dust of men. The hopes of a nation, the enthusiasm of armies, the passion of a fierce religion, are interred in that sepulchre. The pomp

and the pride, the splendor and the achievements of ancient Spain are turned to stone, and Philip in the fashioning of his tomb has raised up a monument to the departed glory of his race and lineage.

It was late that evening ere we reached Valladolid. The sun set ominously in a bank of clouds, and our next day's run to Burgos was a wet one. Here we stayed over Sunday, enchanted by the beautiful cathedral. We had walked in the morning up to the old citadel behind the town, which even Wellington's army could not take by storm, when we heard a noise of firing in the town below us. Hastily descending, we found a review in progress, in honor of the baby prince; the firing was a *feu de joie*, not the revolution we had pictured to ourselves!

On the Monday we ran right through to Biarritz, stopping to see a little of San Sebastian before crossing the frontier. Here again are many memories of British soldiers, not only from Peninsular War times, but from the Carlist struggles of the "thirties," in which a British legion took an honorable part.

A night at Biarritz, then to Pau. The line runs parallel with the road, and we had a most sporting race with a train,—a slow train be it said, not an express! In the open country we more than held them, but of course they gained on us when we came to a village. The passengers grew quite excited, and the stoker shovelled coal on till smoke blotted them out! It took us each about the same time to get through the bigger places, such as Orthez; and the level crossings, where we had to wait for them, were a severe handicap. Finally, we made a dead heat of it into Pau, after a neck-and-neck race for some fifty miles.

From Pau to Toulouse, then to Carcassonne with its wonderful Cité,

amazing monument of Roman, Visigothic, and medieval fortification; next Nîmes, then Avignon, where we found an Agricultural and Viticultural Exhibition in full swing within the palace of the Popes.

Of all parts of France perhaps the Nîmes country is the most interesting. Nîmes itself, with its Roman amphitheatre, still used for circus shows and bull-fights (query, why do the French allow bull-fights?), its "*Maison carrée*," otherwise a perfectly preserved second century temple, and its beautiful gardens, is a charming place to stay in, though dusty when the mistral blows.

But our time was all too short, and with regret we bade farewell to the south country, following the Rhone to Lyons,—thence to Moulins, Paris, and home.

Our journeyings emphasized what really by this time requires no further proof, namely, the exceeding reliability of the modern touring car. For five weeks Bianca had been in constant use,—two days' rest was the longest interval of repose,—and during that time she required no attention be-

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yond filling up with oil, grease, and petrol, and trifling adjustments to brakes and chains. She swallowed the dirty petrol in Spain with hardly a protest; bumped over "*caniveaux*" and uneven surfaces without feeling it; and on the good French roads devoured the miles with an unfaltering appetite.

You can get to close quarters with a country if you travel by road, in a way that is quite impossible in that archaic monstrosity the train. The railway takes you from one point to another, leaving a very imperfect impression on the mind of all that lies in between. With a motor-car your journey is remembered as a connected whole: the days on the road, how delightful; the days spent in the train, how irksome and unprofitable. If you would understand anything of a country, you must see its highways and its villages: the railway is a cosmopolitan intruder, a barrier between the natives and the stranger within their gates. If you cannot go in a motor-car, drive; if you cannot drive, bicycle; if you cannot bicycle, walk!

H. B. Money-Coutts.

THE AMATEUR ANTIQUARY.

The heart-ache one feels at the sight of innovation removing the older features of English country life is an emotion worth explaining to one's-self, but not to the average innovator. To him, indeed, it is inadvisable to talk. His obtuse stare of incredulity is a thing painful to witness; his attempts to persuade one of error are an affliction hardly to be borne. And he is dreadfully ready with these persuasions. At a word of regret for the disappearance, for instance, of reapers and reaping-hooks from our harvest fields, how eagerly he proclaims the

advantages of the self-binder, as though one still needed to be told of them; to lament the lost picturesqueness of the thatch-roofed cottage is a sovereign recipe for exciting him to a lecture upon improvements in ventilation and sewage-disposal. And so it goes on, through the whole catalogue of things passing away: whoever is so imprudent as to pick out one of them for commendation does so at peril of a snubbing rejoinder, couched in platitudes which, I own, are antiquities that could be spared; as that *we must move with the times*, or that we should

beware of *putting back the hands of the clock*.

In my own experience reproofs like these have often been effectual in ruffling my temper and reducing me to silence; but they have never availed to move me in any other way, for the reason that, when all is said, they are beside the point. They proceed from an inability to understand the questions at issue; they are addressed to a position which neither I nor any other admirer of old things desires to maintain. Of all who share my sentiments, there is none, I think, who would argue that the steam threshing-machine,—to take that for an example—is of necessity bad, because a venerable art has had to make way for it. All we urge is that there was something good, and it is gone now, in the homely skill and the peaceful economies that went with the use of the flail. Has a motor been invented to do ploughing? It is well, we hope; but we still say that we have liked the ploughman, and have taken delight in his team. Towards most of those innovations which are changing the country of our childhood our attitude is one of non-committal, and no worse. We do not understand them; we have no associations with them; they make no appeal to us. Probably they are excellent things,—upon that point we pass no opinion—but they are not among the things which have found their way into our affections. In our coolness towards them there is no impropriety. It is not culpable amidst a company of strangers to feel the absence of one's own friends, and the so-fast vanishing features of our time-honored English life are as old friends to us. However obsolete modern enterprise may have made them, we cannot witness their departure without a pang, nor can we all at once transfer our allegiance to the contrivances that are thrusting them out. These are improvements,

we are told. Well, let them establish themselves; we wait to be sure of the fact. Sceptics we may be; but we do not become enemies to progress merely by cherishing a love for what has gone by.

If I am at all typical of the class, the amateur antiquary is before all things a sentimentalist, and the special object of his veneration is,—the continuity of life. On this account is it that old things so fascinate him; not for their own sake; not merely because they are old; but because in their time they have become tinged somehow by the human life that has flowed round them, just as in a brook the stones grow tinted by the wash of the continuous stream. In this light consider any ancient bridge over a river. Is it five centuries old? Much water then will have run under it,—yes, and much human life gone over it, in those hundreds of years. And by its gray fabric, therefore, where the liver-wort drips moisture and the clinging wall-ferns are indicative of age, fancy is aided to picture not individuals only, but successive generations of our countrymen crossing the stream just as in our turn we now do, with emotions like ours, and these same perplexities and mysteries of life encompassing them. I think of one such bridge, beautiful in color, cool and comely in its arches, the subject of many paintings, which is so narrow and spans its stream at an angle so dangerous to modern traffic, that without doubt it ought to be demolished. Only, in the demolition so much else would go with its stones, not to return with the bricks or iron girders of any new bridge that could be built in its stead. The "much else" is the association with man's life, the intimation dimly vouchsafed to us of the long succession of English folk who have passed that way. Seldom thought of perhaps, but almost always felt, this vision, or this sentiment

rather, is called up only by things of venerable age. I have known it to be suggested, with sudden subtle touch upon the feelings, by the handle of an old rake or hoe cut long ago in a forgotten coppice, and worn to shining smoothness by hands that are now dead. I have become momentarily aware of it, hearing the foolish jangle of rhymes of children with their May garlands; it is evoked by the sound of old place names, of which Putney Heath, The Border, Longleat, Burnham Thorpe, are striking examples. That was an absurd affectation,—the vandalism of culture, whoever was guilty of it—that changed the old name of Whitmore Bottom, near Hindhead, to Whitmore Vale. To old inhabitants of the neighborhood the original name was associated with stirring memories, of sheep-stealers and smugglers who used to dwell in the valley, of sailors trudging the long hilly road above it, to and from Portsmouth for the French Wars, and of much other stern and sturdy English life; but what can one make of the new-fangled polite substitute for it? If anything at all, it suggests the transitory existence of the modern discoverers of Hindhead, whose villas seen from a distance seem to have broken out upon the once majestic hill like a red skin eruption, and in certain slants of the sunshine make it an uplifted horror visible for miles. There was a time when I could not see Hindhead without gladness; there are times now when I rather look away from it than endure to think of what has gone from it for ever. For the continuity has gone. Whatever happens now, its solitude, which had impressed itself on the imagination of the country-side ever since there were imaginations to be impressed, has been violated, and we shall not again be able to refresh ourselves in it.

The fields men have long ploughed, the highways that from time immemo-

rial they have trodden, stir the heart of the true country-lover by their connection with an existence in which his own short life quietly merges. A change in them, even for the better, seems to kill something greater than himself. For this reason too the restoration of ancient churches, though it be necessary for preserving them, is apt to fill him with dismay. He need not have an eye for their architecture, or he may even perceive that sometimes they are unlovely; but there is an accumulated essence of human life about them with which he can scarce bear the thought of tampering. At Comp-ton, near Guildford, the new mortuary chapel, erected by Watts, attracts many visitors to its magnificence and beauty; but he who understands the sentiment of the country goes rather to see the old village church. For in the new chapel he is reminded of only one man,—a great and good man indeed, yet still only one; whereas in the church, quite apart from its unique architectural features, he feels surrounded by the emotion and peace of centuries of village life. In the church, the English burial service is in its native place, at home and most beautiful, and still vital; in the mortuary chapel, has it so much as begun to live?

Because no artist, even so noble a one as Watts, can create life, but it must have time to grow and establish itself, therefore new things seem still-born to us who are the worshippers of life, and old things alone seem living. And I think this is partly why people are so fond of the country names for flowers and birds; they imply so continuous a procession of living interest in such things among rustic folk. I heard the other day an interesting discussion upon the difference between crows and rooks, but what most seized my fancy in that connection was the sudden realization that during a thousand years men of my race must have

known the difference well enough to mark it down with two distinct names in our language. It is the same with flowers. Their scientific nomenclature may serve the botanist, but we will not by adopting it lose touch with the perennial English love of flowers which is witnessed to in their old country names,—primrose, cowslip, marigold, forget-me-not, heartsease, through all the pleasant list.

Not from perversity do we praise the past, but because we love it. It has a life as venerable as that of the wild things of nature, and affects us in the same way. New things compared with it are as the tree in the suburban garden is to the primeval forest. The forest shade and the species that inhabit it, and the sound of rivers in spring freshet, and the pushing up of fungus, and the ripening of acorns, though renewed each year, are yet among the oldest things of all and have in them the most persistent life. And it is the sentiment of their almost awful continuance out of the remotest antiquity that touches the sportsman, unconscious of it though he may be, and odd though it seems to allude to him as a sentimentalist. But in the covers or on the moors, or wading up to his middle in the river, though it may be that he likes killing well enough, yet what the true sportsman loves is being in such close touch with the deathless things of nature. It stirs his blood, and even while he slays awakens in him a sense of indestructible life. Nor is it otherwise with the gentler pastimes of the antiquarian, the dreamer of old dreams. He too, digging his pick into the barrow, or musing among the tombstones of the country churchyard, derives from the monuments of death a fuller sense of those vast spaces of life, out of which for a moment or two, like a wave out of the sea, his own existence has emerged. And it need not be asked

why he should therefore neglect the equally vast spaces that are to come. His little wave of life will subside soon enough into them; and besides, there are no monuments of the future to which he could attach himself if he would. Consequently not much choice remains but to look back, and seek spaciousness in past centuries if the littleness of present days feels cramping.

Notwithstanding all this, I do not dispute that the habit of retrospective dreaming may be indulged until it becomes a fault. You can have too much of most good things, including affection for what has departed. When this is pushed so far as to be obstructive to improvement, and the antiquary hardens into a hide-bound conservative, loving old life so well that he would cramp the new for its sake, he must not complain if sensible folk regard him as a nuisance. Besides, the future demands some consideration. In the future our own present time will have become a past to which men will look back wistfully; it is for us therefore to prepare for them a real and moving life to look back to. Consequently, however much we may have loved some moribund custom or other, or some inconvenient relic, we must recognize when the hour has come for its departure, and beware of lifting a finger to detain it. For an example, consider the disappearing dialects of the English counties. Listening to them,—not to laugh but to appraise their value—you may often hear in their rich murmur the very note of a hard but kindly life that has not ceased across our country-side since Chaucer's time and earlier. The sunshine of harvest-fields, and the wind of breezy uplands, and the lash of rain through dark winter nights, are mysteriously audible in the slurred consonants and the broadened vowels of the talk of country folk. As the dialect first falls upon your ear (perhaps

you are holiday-making) you experience a singular glow of satisfaction; here is something genuinely English, something old yet young, something restful, lovable, and surely precious. Yet for all that it is time these dialects were done with, and though you wince as you hear the young school-children of the village mincing their words into something like modern English, still you must wish them a better success at it, if you have a decent regard for their lives and for our country's future.

The pity of it is that the busy world often ruins what it would fain keep, and admiring old things ignorantly, kills the life in them which alone makes them precious. It is like a child that clutches a butterfly and spoils it. An insinse occurred not long ago, where it was proposed to run a service of motor-omnibuses through a district of little known but beautiful country, a tract of rich pastoral valleys nestling amid heathy uplands. What more natural than that the towns nearest to this should seek to make it more accessible? They were bitterly offended, I remember, when certain inhabitants of the threatened district pointed out that its charms would not survive their attentions. Yet that was probably the truth, for the chief beauty of this place was more than is visible to eyesight. An intangible essence lingered there, of an earlier, homelier England. Its Elizabethan farmhouses, its deep water-meadows, its elms and shady lanes, as you descended to their peace from the upper heaths, were lovely by reason of their shy seclusion, where a Jacobean poet might still be dreaming on summer afternoons and not know that his century had gone by. But what becomes of this seclusion when townsfolk invade it from their motor-omnibus? Their coming is enough; at once it disappears, and the charm they have heard of and have paid to see is no

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longer present for their enjoyment. I know it is a hard saying, but it is a true one. A crowd cannot enjoy solitude. At Beachy Head the incessant chatter of other visitors like one's-self mars all the impressiveness of the place; and similarly the true life of Lulworth Cove seems to be almost extinct, now that modern people have gone to live there. And this reminds me of a curious thing that happened some years since, when one of the Surrey pine-woods, attractive to residents, was cut down to make room for their residences, which stand there to this day looking rather foolish because the wood is gone.

The lover of ancient life does not do such things as these; but neither does he condemn them all without discrimination. If, like Tennyson, he is irritated by the "gew-gaw castle" of the parvenu,—

There amid perky larches and pine,
(Look at it) pricking a cockney ear—

and if he feels that some sweetness has gone out of his own existence with the arrival of this thing, still he realizes that the larches and pine will grow, and the new castle gather traditions of life to enrich the dreams of future sentimentalists. Remembering that the stage-coach was once an innovation, annoying to steady-going folk by its tumultuous speed, he tries to tolerate the motor-car though it disturbs his comfort. It seems painfully new, this hooting raiser of dust; yet after all, does it not indicate in its occupants the survival of a very ancient ambition, the ambition to improve on the pitiful two legs supplied them by nature? We who love to see life persisting may at least admire in the motorist the living spirit of the first reckless savage who got astride a horse. And possibly there is something equally good to be said in favor of the steam threshing-machine and the semi-detached villa.

George Bourne.

A ROMANCE AT LISCONNEL.

This romance began at Lisconnel one very long summer afternoon. A troop of children, chiefly little Sheridans, Quigleys, and MacEvoy's, had strayed off the bog on to the tussocky slopes of the hillock that weatherfends the hamlet, and there, for want of any better diversion, they fell to watching a fleet of clouds sail by from west to east. Great, solid, slow-moving wool-packs they were, high-piled bergs of glistening white vapor, cragged and corniced, touched in hollows here and there with a shadowy golden fawn-color. Lizzie MacEvoy, a newcomer from distant regions, who had beheld many strange things, said that they were like a trayful of big crusty loaves which she had seen a man carrying on his head in the town of Galway. Furthermore, she declared that in Galway there were plenty of carts going about filled with the very same sort of loaves, whole loads of them, enough to build a turf-stack. These statements seemed to her audience as incredible almost as a turf-stack built up of baker's bread was inconceivable. The comparison perhaps edged their appetites; at any rate they soon began a move down the hill towards home, where they might by good luck find that it was supper-time. They had the vaguest notions about the hour, but felt that they had been away for a long, long while.

Just as they were dropping themselves into the road off the lowest shelving ledges of a fine-swarded bank, there came into sight on their right hand—that is, from the direction of Duffclane—a very remarkable vehicle of unprecedented aspect, rather to be described as “a weeny house wid wheels under it.” It was painted bright green and drawn by a large

cream-colored Connemara pony, of the race called *Shan Bwee*, which means Old Yellow. Nobody except Lizzie MacEvoy had ever seen the like before. A cart going to the fair with a pig-creele was the nearest approach to it, but different indeed. And Lizzie, to excite them the more, asserted that it was “the living moral” of one of those Galway bread-carts, only a trifle smaller. Lizzie's repute as a trustworthy relater of marvels was, however, presently to pass under a dense cloud. For when the van stopped opposite the Killfoyles', and the driver opened the doors at the back, sorrow a loaf was there in it at all or anything else only all the books that ever were in the world sitting on shelves stuck alongside it. That was truly a despicable result in the eyes of the small children, who lived beyond schooling, and had not a letter of the alphabet among them. “Ould books be-dad!” They soon dispersed, freely expressing their opinion of Lizzie MacEvoy's veracity.

But some of their elders had more learning, and the van-man did a little business during his brief stay. As a stranger he of course interested everybody, scholars or no, and he rather puzzled them too, because although he was not apparently any sort of quality, and certainly was not an old school-master, he seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with the contents of his van, and talked like an expert about the merits of this volume and that. Judy Ryan inquired sarcastically if he had read the whole of them himself, that he knew so well what a person was sure to like best. To which he replied with the question whether the man she bought her boots from had tried all his stock on his own feet. As Judy's

feet were unshod this retort was not entirely appropriate, but little Murt Rafferty hastened to point it by bobbing up his head at her elbow with, "Isn't himself wearin' her ones these times anyway?" When she turned to cuff him, he slithered down the bank behind them, and lay chuckling under a low furze-bough, out of portlier reach.

Shoeless though she was, Judy in her youth had walked many a long mile for her schooling, and she still possessed literary tastes which made her happy if she chanced on a newspaper with a bit of a story in it. No such opportunity as this day's had ever presented itself to her imagination. She could scarcely believe the eyes that showed her those crowded shelves, or the ears that apprised her that one penny could procure the loan of any two volumes for a month. Happily the penny was to be had; the difficulty was how to choose, and at length she let herself "be said," in part, by the librarian-driver, who magnanimously advised her to the best of his flouted judgment. Locking up his doors, he promised to come through Lisconnel again before that month was out, whereupon the bystanders began to compute the present date from various time-marks, and with discrepant results. They were impressed by the off-hand manner in which he asserted, without reflection, that it was the second of July, but they accepted his authority as that of one fresh from the great world, where matters of the kind are settled. So after a little more discourse the van dwindled away down the long road, with its green sides and blossom-white inscription, "Rosmorán Travelling Library"; while even the neighbors who were no readers felt that to see it grow into sight again would be an agreeable event.

That evening, when the light was slowly ebbing towards such dimness

as would fleetingly visit the midsummer night, Lisconnel for the most part sat out of doors, perched on convenient grassbanks and big stones. The great white clouds had all drifted away, leaving the whole west crystal-clear, except where a few pencilled flecks veined it with almost transparent fire. An odor of aromatic bog-herbs was the stronger on the air because the blue peat-smoke mingled with it in only meagre wafts, fitful and failing. About the Brian Kilfoyles' house there was a plenty of comfortable seats on which a party of the older women had congregated, some with knitting, and some with jugs to fill at the well, sea-green rimmed in the sward close by, to sit frankly idle not being their way. Despite the warmth, their matronly heads were protected with both caps and shawls. Their six or seven tongues kept up a fairly continuous murmur, which died out on the surrounding stillness even sooner than the trails of smoke on the air.

"I was wonderin'," said Mrs. Brian, "did any of yous happen to see Con about lately. I didn't set eyes on him meself since he had his dinner." Her good-tempered face wore an anxious shadow, which deepened when nobody minded seeing him this little while back. The truth was that she was just now coming for the first time into possession of a grown-up son, whose straining against the inelastic leash of circumstances caused her many an uneasy moment. "Con's no ways too well satisfied in himself these times," she explained to her right-hand neighbor, Mrs. Doyne. "Gloomy like he does be now and again, and discontented. Afeard of me life I am that he might take the notion into his head to be runnin' off to some outlandish place on us, the way the other lads do, as if there was mad bears huntin' them, instead of their mislucky ould mothers thinkin' bad of their goin'. And no good of

them after that, unless maybe an odd letter. I do be tellin' him they had a right to have more nathur in them, if they haven't more wit itself; but never a word out of him one way or the other. It's heart-scalded he has me."

"Well now," Mrs. MacEvoy said meditatively on Mrs. Brian's left, "I do be sorry in me heart many a time for them young lads. Sure they're to be pitied, God knows. For at their beginnin' there's every manner of thing in the world, so to spake, lyin' before them, and the whole of it as good as offered to them, in a way. But the first instant a one of the crathurs tries to take a hould of e'er a somethin' for himself, 'tis thwarted and disappointed of it he's apt to be at every turn. He might as well be raichin' at the stars above his head, and it all the while lookin' just under his hand; you'd think he might have it and welcome—but sorrow a bit. So they see it all slippin' away from them before they know where they are, and maybe they niver had a fair chance. To be pitied they are, poor lads."

These general reflections seemed to demand no particular response, and they received none directly. But Mrs. Brian said in an aggrieved undertone to Mrs. Doyne: "I dunno what call anybody has to be pityin' me son Con. A fine hardy boy he is, thanks be to God. 'Twould trouble them that knows him all the days of his life, let alone a body that's no great while in the place, to say there was aught amiss wid him. People do be talkin' quare."

"If it was me poor Terence, now," said Mrs. Doyne, "there might be reason in it, for anybody'd think it a pity to see him the way he is this long while. Addin' up we were yesterday, and 'tis better than a twelvemonth since he set fut beyond our door. But a couple of year ago, ma'am, he was such another as your Con, and he

would be yit, only for the rheumatically fever that got a cruel grip on his heart. Dr. Egan says 'tis like as if there was a spring broke in it, and he questions has he e'er a bottle wid the streat' to set it right, nor ould Dan O'Beirne. 'Twas a bad wake turn he took this very mornin', and I couldn't be lavin' him now, only Judy Ryan said she'd stop wid him till I got a while in the fresh air. Ah sure we do be missin' poor Stacey. I must prisently be steppin' in."

"'Deed then it's the twenty pities," Mrs. Brian said, "him to be gettin' his health so indifferent."

As it happened, however, just at that moment neither Terence Doyne nor Con Kilfoyle was in a pitiable plight. Both of them were worlds away from to-day and Lisconnel, rapt into enchanted regions by the charm of a story-teller. Judy Ryan was reading aloud to them from one of her borrowed books, the one on which she had set her heart ever since she had espied it uppermost of a pile amid that bewildering van-load. In the case of the other one she had allowed herself to be guided in her choice by the vau-man and had selected "Crohoore of the Bill Hook," but he had vainly advised her against taking "The Door by the Dark Water." His objection that he had at this time only the first of its two volumes, and could not be quite sure when he would have the second, did not prevail over the allurements of its title and cover-picture. A bold black-and-white sketch this was, showing simply the door beyond a foreground of very dark water, wrought in portentously broad straight strokes. Sedge and weed stood up about its threshold, and it was barred with a great cross-handled sword thrust bolt-wise through iron rings. "I'll chance it," Judy had said, with rapacious eyes; "you might be apt enough to have the rest of it again you come

round next time." And he had promised that he would if he could.

Now she was beginning to explore it in the company of two profoundly interested friends. She had lost no time in sharing her new acquisition with Terence Doynne, and while they were poring over the picture they were joined by Con Kilfoyle, who looked in to show Terence a curious pointed stone that he had picked up out on the bog near Ody Rafferty's still. Then when they had decided that a vague three-cornered notch on the extreme right of the engraving probably represented the bows of a boat, she turned to the printed page. Judy read out fluently and daringly, not pausing to stumble over unfamiliar words, the conventional pronounciation of which was really neither here nor there; and the course of the story ran likewise freely and swiftly, plunging into the middle of most thrilling things, and opening that mysterious door on detectable glimpses of dread. Light and shadow so strongly gleamed and gloomed on characters as well as incidents that the rising tide of vicissitude was watched from the outset with undivided sympathies. The precarious fortunes of the persecuted heroine had already roused on her behalf the liveliest hopes and fears, when the reading was cut short by gathering dusk; for at Lisconnel artificial illumination, feeble and costly, is used as little as may be.

But the party broke up under agreement to meet again on the morrow, when ample time was found for getting through a larger portion; and thenceforward there were few days that they did not assemble in the tiny slip of a room off Mrs. Doyle's kitchen. It was so very small that Terence's bed, though narrower than a berth, would have been impossible except in a recess of the wall; his two visitors had scanty space for their stools on the

rough earthen floor. What rays struggled in came chiefly through the door, of so little avail was the hand-breadth pane of coarse greenish glass, set in stones and mud deeply enough to suggest some uncouth attempt at a telescope. A big lump of a boulder planted close outside further obscured it. Still if Terence craned his neck into just the right angle, he had a glimpse of the brown-faced bog. Looking forth from his cell, it seemed daily less possible to imagine himself at large out and about there again, as he used to be in the time on the other side of that nightmare fever-chasm. His sense of "the terrible long while" grew upon him despairingly, and burdened his mind, when he was not preoccupied with acute physical distress. Other distractions he had few or none.

Therefore it was indeed no trivial matter for him when "The Door by the Dark Water" came within his ken to engross a strangely large proportion of his thoughts. Through the dismal hours he looked forward, as towards a gleam brightening at the end of a tunnel, to the appearance in his doorway of Judy Ryan's grizzled head, else he might sometimes have doubted woe-fully whether the tunnel had any end at all. Now and then, it is true, he was obliged to forego the reading. There would be a day when he felt "like as if the ould lad himself was whirlin' his head round under water in a one of the black houles," or when he suffered from some equally incapacitating symptom. But on such occasions Judy and Con loyally refrained from proceeding any further with their romance.

Yet notwithstanding these delays, it became evident as the weeks went on that the first volume would be finished considerably before the date fixed for the return of the Rosmorán Travelling Library. When Judy saw that the pages were dwindling more rapidly

than the month waned, she did try to be thrifty and curtail her lectures, but this economy was made difficult by the increasing interest of the story, and the eager urging of her audience, more especially of "the crathur," whom she could hardly refuse. Do what she would to eke it out by the repetition of favorite passages, and the encouragement of time-wasting conjectures about the plot, that last leaf was turned on the twenty-second afternoon of July, a full week at least before there would be much use in beginning to watch for the van. They were left, moreover, to wait with affairs at a terrible crisis. That door with its sill by the dark water was barred on the father and the lover of the Lady Emeria, who had fallen hopelessly into the power of her fellest foes. To extricate her from such a plight, even hypothetically, passed the ingenuity of her friends at Lisconnel, and they chafed much at their state of suspense. Con said that it would be a charity to stick the thieves of the mischief up in a row, and reap the ugly heads off them like so many thistles; it would do his heart good, he said, to have a welt at them. But Terence rejoined querulously that he didn't see where any body with that much decency in him was very apt to come from. By way of a stop-gap, Judy began to read "Crohoore of the Bill Hook," but without success. Terence's interest could not be diverted into the new channel; it was clear to her that his attention continually wandered off.

No doubt this was in some measure due to the failure of his strength. In those days a change for the worse had manifestly come over him, bringing with it a feverish weakness that distorted his view of things, and made him fix his thoughts upon the fate of the Lady Emeria, and Ronairn, and the old chief, as vehemently as if the tragedy were in truth impending.

What Judy and Con, however they might talk, recognized as merely images in their fancy, had for him all the substance of reality conjoined with the obsessing powers of a dream. Other circumstances now came against him too. The clear fine weather had turned sultry and lowering. Overcast skies gloomed on Lisconnel, and ever and anon a thunderous scowl blackened the bog, creeping across it from rim to rim. Curlew cried, darting to and fro beneath the shadow, and wide-winged white sea-gulls sailed by, going eastward inland. Then in their wake would swoop a wild blast hissing and rattling with rain and hail showers. It all seemed to oppress and shatter Terence Doyme, as he toiled for breath, sitting as upright as he could in his low-celled niche. "You might suppose he was after lyin' out under the teems of it, all night, he does be that wake and onaisy this mornin'," Mrs. Doyme said to the Widow McGurk; "but ne'er a drop comes next or nigh him where he is. The kitchen's in strames; I have to be shiftin' about for a dry place, the little room's iligant, whatever ails him." Mrs. Doyme, who was a rather complaining sort of person herself, spoke as if she thought that her son scarcely appreciated his privileges. Mrs. McGurk solemnly replied: "'Deed now, ma'am, 'tis a great thing when you can keep the wet weather off a sick body itself. But it's the quare thatch he'll lie aisy under, wet or dry, agin the will of God."

One stormy morning Terence was so entirely bad that Con Kilfoyle ran off to Duffclane for Dr. Egan, who came over on his car along a road traversed by lightning flashes, that kept his horse ducking and swerving, often at inconvenient points. When he arrived, he found his patient better, yet seemed less impressed by the improvement than Mrs. Doyme had expected him to be. However, she ascribed this to his

annoyance at having been summoned in such ugly weather. On his way home he met Judy Ryan, whom he considered more sensible than most of her gossips, and to whom he told something of his opinion on the case. Soon afterwards, looking in on Mrs. Doyne, she found her just starting for the well in a fretful mood, because Terence wouldn't so much as look at a lovely bowl of two-milk whey she was after making him and that Dan O'Beirne said would be the grandest drink he could take. Nothing would suit him but a sup of water, that hadn't an atom of good in it. Sure now, he was real contrary.

"Gim-me the jug, ma'am, dear," Judy said on hearing this complaint, "I'll fetch it quicker than you would, and me shawl's dreeped through already. 'Deed 'twould be a sinful pity to cross the crathur now about anythin' he fancied at all, good or bad, if you could help it." These words suddenly smote Mrs. Doyne with a sorer dread than she could have felt at the blast of Michael's trumpet; but there was no awful record into which she would not have dared pry rather than ask Judy's meaning. She went back to Terence, and stood looking at him silently. Somewhat to her comfort he said remorsefully that he would have a try at the whey, after a little while.

Unluckily it was beyond anybody's power to prevent him from being crossed in the matter of the one thing on which he had set his heart, that is to say the completion of his beloved romance. He had persuaded himself that the library van was very likely to reappear at any time during the last week of July, and this gave him scope for repeated harassing expectation and disappointment. It was constantly Judy Ryan's hated task to report that Con Kilfoyle had seen nothing from his look-out post. She thought that on each occasion Terence seemed fee-

bler and shakier; certainly he was less and less able to dissemble his chagrin. The forced cheerfulness of his: "Ah sure, what matter at all, Judy? It'll be comin' along presently anyway," rang so dismally in her ears that, as she said herself, many a time she was fit to sit down and cry in the middle of the road. All along she had maintained that the last day of the month was the date intended by the driver, so when the thirty-first came, she felt desperately confident that it would bring the fulfilment of their wishes.

It dawned with no happy omens, for Terence had nearly "gone off altogether" in the night, and had now rallied only just enough to show how wistfully he was still hankering after "The Door by the Dark Water." The morning was grim with mirk and wet. An iron-gray rampart of mist had been drawn close round the hamlet, and the included tracts of bog spread a sullen black, save for a few rusty stains of withered grass, and spectral glints of skeleton tree-trunks disinterred among lime-white boulders. From overhead the lividly leaden cloud canopy let down unfurled sheets of rain-mist with fringes of pelting drops, that quivered against wall and roof, and kept the peat-reek cowering indoors much to the discomfort of the other occupants. Though neither of the watchers apprehended that the Rosmorán Travelling Library would thus be deterred from its journey—for who would think of staying at home because the weather was a trifle soft?—they were hampered by this inclemency in more ways than one. It was impossible to see any distance along the blurred and drifting road: Con was once all but betrayed into hailing with jubilant shouts the approach of Ody Rafferty's old ass-cart; and it was difficult to form any idea at all about the time of day, not a blink of the sun giving a clue. Frequently in the

course of that forenoon did Con consult the three time-pieces of Lisconnel, which were situated in his own house, and John MacEvoy's, and Hughey Quigley's. There was, generally speaking, a difference of at least an hour and a half between the fastest and the slowest of the trio, and Con took care to base his report on the latter. But at length, when even according to that it was fully three o'clock, and sorrow a sign of anything stirring on the road, except the puddles, he could no longer pretend to think that there were not some grounds for uneasiness.

And then, just as Judy was reassuringly pointing out to Terence that it had been something later when the van arrived before, in to light a pipe at Mrs. Doyné's fire came Mick Loneragan, who casually mentioned, quite unaware of what he did, how he had met "the quare covered yoke wid the books from Rosmorán away out a bit beyond Lougheran, goin' towards Kilnaglesh, where the man said he'd put up that night, for the roads were powerful heavy—Sure not at all; there was no talk of him comin' Lisconnel ways." Mick's strong bass voice carried his words with ruthless distinctness into the little next room, and Judy saw the hopeful gleam flicker blankly out of Terence's eyes, followed by a desperate feigning of unconcern. This seemed to her as it were a countermining of her own careful pretences, and she rushed away into the rain, where to Con sheltering under the lee of a turf-stack, she told the news with gestures so discomposed that some neighbors, observant beyond earshot, concluded Terence to be "took mortal bad," and drew near precipitately.

For a moment Con looked as disconcerted as she did herself, but then he said: "See me here, Judy. If it's between Lougheran and Kilnaglesh the books was the time Mick met them, they're apt to be on that road this

good while yet. So if I legged it straightways over the bog, why mightn't I have a great chance of catchin' them up? And troth and be-dad I'll get that second volume out of the chap, if I have to wreck the ould yoke for it."

"Sure now you might," Judy said brightening up, "unless you were bogged intirely."

"Bogged in me hat!" said Con. "Fetch me the penny, and I'll run like Leary's colt."

In another minute Con was out of sight among the mists, while Judy returned to rekindle the spark of hope in Terence's failing spirits. She well knew that it might come to nothing, but matters were too great to allow of looking as much as an hour ahead.

With the best of good wills did Con make his way across the drenched bog-corner, adopting nearly as many different modes of progression as a more distinguished person is related to have done in somewhat similar surroundings. Treacherous was the foothold offered by the unstable surface, which often could be got over only in standing leaps from spongy tussock to tussock, and wobbling stone to stone. It was usually with reluctance that Con visited Terence in his prison. A natural recoil from the sight of suffering which he could not relieve was strengthened by a consciousness that the spectacle might be moralized into representations about the happier lot wherewith he himself yet remained dissatisfied. In his heart he vaguely knew that these representations were unfair and false, and he resented them as a dishonest attempt on the moralizer's part to debase his standard of what might reasonably be demanded from life, and to beat down the terms on which he could honorably make a treaty of contentment, not on his own behalf alone. Accordingly he kept conscience-strickenly aloof. This bit

of active service for his hapless friend was, however, quite to his mind. He plunged and splashed along, ignoring much mire and water in his determination to bring back with the utmost speed that desired intelligence about the Lady Emeria. Alas! it was a fool's errand.

Before Judy, on the watch, had deemed it possible, he came trotting into view, but ere they were within speaking distance, she saw that his quest had failed. "Ah, Judy woman, not a bit of the baste had got it after all. He said he'd be sartin sure to bring it from their place at Rosmoran next week—and divil a much good that 'ud do us, wid the crathur gone God knows where. I tould the chap he might as well be swallyin' it whole. So then nothin' would suit him but I must take this book along wid me, superilgant he said it was, but sure now, Judy, I suppose there's ne'er a ghost of a chance that Terence 'ud listen to anythin' only the 'Dark Water'—and that I couldn't get him. There it is for you, anyhow, and wet enough bedad. Twenty minds I had to be slingin' it into every houle I went by."

"Be alsy now," Judy said quietly, "and come along wid me." Con followed her against his inclination, but with obedience, for she evidently had some purpose and he had none.

In the little room Mrs. Doyne, who was sitting by Terence's bed, gave place to them without jealousy. She was content to hover in the doorway, if only the others could please him with the queer sort of talk he had a wish to be hearin'.

"Well, Terence lad," said Judy, "here's Con back again."

A joyful light wakened in Terence's eyes. "Wid the book?" he said.

"Too late it is this evening to begin readin' rightly," said Judy, "but I was thinkin' you'd leifer hear the end of it before you went to sleep."

"Aye sure," said Terence. "Is she got out?"

"Troth and she is out, as safe as a lark in the sky," said Judy.

"Glory be to goodness," said Terence. "How at all?"

"The villins," said Judy, "was bringin' her out of their dungeons in a boat down the Dark Water for to be slaughtherin' the ould father of her, and her sweetheart before her eyes, that they had barred up behind the Door—the black miscreants of sin. But if they did, the very minyit they come outside it, up swum the big snaky-shaped monster of a *piast* that lived in the underground river below the Hollow Mountains—there's a dale about him in the second volume—and down he swallied the whole boatload of them, just to the seat where the Lady Emeria was sittin' in the bows. And a hould she caught of the magic sword they had barrin' the door, and claue through the jaws of the brute-baste she dhruv it, and he gulpin' down the rest of the boat, the way she skivered them together. And wid that she took one spring inside, and the others all went to the bottom like so many stones of lead."

"That was *great*," Terence said. Con, listening, stared at Judy with awe and admiration.

"In coorse," she continued, "I hadn't time yet to see how everythin' happened: but at the very last end of the story, the Lady Emeria and all her friends and neighbors were sailin' home wid themselves as fit as fiddlers. And she wid a crown of diamond jewels on her head, that you could see shinin' all the way along the Dark Water, like a star let down drippin' wid light out of heaven."

"Glory be to God," said Terence once more. "Sure we'll hear the whole of it to-morra, and drammin' about it I'll be all this night."

But Terence never told that night's

dream to his friends at Lisconnel. And when the travelling library came next week with the belated second volume, Judy Ryan would not borrow it. "Because," she explained to Con, "so long as I don't be lookin' to see, for anythin' I can tell it happened the very way I said to poor Terence—it alsy might. But if I knew 'twas somethin' different, vexed I'd be to think I was after reelin' him off a string of lies, the last word ever I spoke to him."

In this course Con acquiesced,

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though he expressed the opinion that the stories people made up out of their own heads were all bound to be lies in some sort of a way, and that Judy's very belike had as much truth in it as e'er another body's, an argument which she felt did not quite meet the case. Therefore they chose "Castle Rackrent" instead; and thus it came about that the romance begun on that long summer afternoon was never really ended at Lisconnel.

Jane Barlow.

MY FARM IN TUSCANY.

"Va la, Giorgio! Via Carlino-o-o!" My contadino's voice comes quavering up to me with that long-drawn out end-note of the Tuscan peasant, and I know that old Pietro is negotiating his oxen and plough round one of those knobbly olive-stumps which in my podere are always thwarting my ambition after a good straight furrow. Why each successive pair of oxen should be called "George" and "Charlie" I have not discovered; but though they may give just one startled look out of their soft eyes, the long-suffering beasts answer at once to their strange names. Wonderful animals are these white Tuscan oxen, and a pretty picture they make among the olive-trees, with their great heads swaying from side to side as they move. Their strength is prodigious. I have seen a restive ox, who was about to be shod, by one kick floor six men who, with a rope passed round a tree, were tugging at his hind leg. And yet their agility is extraordinary, as any one may see who watches a pair, with their necks joined together by the yoke, turn round in a space that would barely suffice for a pony.

Our mode of ploughing on the steep hillside among the vines and olives amazes the traveller. My old head master, whose comments on the Eclogues first aroused my agricultural yearnings, came to pay his former pupil a visit once, and I still remember his emphatic exclamation—"Pre-Virgillian!" when he caught sight of the block of wood hewn out of an oak-stump, and with its tip just shod with iron, which does duty as my plough. I only smiled, for I called to mind the experience of an up-to-date friend, who told me that it was a scandal for me, an Englishman, to continue using such a monstrous lump of wood, when I ought to be educating the natives in the best methods. So he procured the latest thing in American ploughs and (none of my contadini would touch the unholy machine) volunteered to guide it himself. With some difficulty the yoke was adjusted, and the oxen, not accustomed to such a light weight behind them, started off at a gay pace, which soon lifted my friend off his feet and left him waving about at the tail of that plough like a river-weed stirred by a swift current. However,

it was not for long. There came a crash, the oxen stopped short, and we found that the plough had stuck fast in a stout olive-root, and would never be itself again. There ended my first, and last, trial of an iron plough. I have gone back to the old plough, whose convex bottom enables it to slip over any live rock or root that it may meet.

My podere, or farm, lies high up on the slope of the Fiesole hills. The house is centuries old, though its front has been somewhat modernized. There is a deep well at one side which is covered by a quaint little conical building of stone; over it spreads an ancient olive-tree, and in front there is the usual flagged aja (threshing-floor) surrounded by a low wall, behind which tall cypresses stand like sentinels. Between their straight trunks I get a glorious view of Florence, spread out by the banks of the Arno, which from this distance seems a mere silver thread.

I work the farm on the usual *métayer* or "*mezzadria*" system, which as practised in Tuscany is simple enough. The man who owns the farm and the man who works it share the profits and losses—*cynics* do say that the whole of the former go to the *contadino*, and the landlord has all the latter. Each family of *contadini* has a "*capoccia*" or responsible head, who is elected by the family and is not always the eldest member. The rules governing the system have never been reduced to legal terms, but the unwritten law of custom is never questioned. These rules vary considerably from district to district, following, however, one broad line: the landlord is responsible for all capital expenditure and improvements that may be regarded as permanent, the making of new walls and vineyards, the providing of stakes for vineyards not yet in bearing, the purchase of live stock and of long-lived farm

implements such as wagons and ploughs, which remain his own property; while all annual expenditure and upkeep are shared equally. The landlord, moreover, is morally bound to provide food for his *contadini* in the case of a bad year, and is allowed to recoup himself from the next fat year. He has, on the other hand, various small privileges and dues, chief of which is the right to employ his *contadini* for his own purposes at less than the current wage. On the whole the system works well for both parties.

My family of *contadini* consists of Pietro and his wife Lilla, two daughters, a curly-headed Adonis called Berlindo, and a little boy. They live in a separate wing of the house, and in the evenings I hear them reciting their prayers; the old father droning out the priest's part and his family the responses. Now and again the little boy has to be admonished by his mother, but the rest go steadily on.

As farms go mine is a large one, but I have no idea how many acres it contains, for we measure differently here. About a third of the podere is put under wheat each year and the number of bushels sown is the measure of its size. In the *contadino's* estimation wheat is by far the most important item in a podere's production, and happy is the family that raises enough to provide for its own wants. The grain is sent to the miller to be ground into flour (the bread is always baked at home), and the straw, chopped up and mixed with grass, is eaten by the oxen.

The year, then, may be said to begin with the sowing of the wheat. The land has been ploughed in September and October, and as soon as All Saints' Day arrives—no good farmer ever begins before—the *contadino* goes out to scatter his seed broadcast over the fields, which is an operation re-

quiring more skill than may appear. No sooner is the seed covered up than there is digging or pruning to be done. Care, however, must be taken not to prune when the moon is young; for, as Pietro says, the new shoots would then remain always tender at the tips—only the olive's hard wood does not require this precaution.

The olives now change from green to a dark purple which gleams in the sun, and the women are set to work to pick up the berries which the November gales have shaken down. (The olives, by-the-by, which give the oil are not the same as the green ones that one eats: these have been gathered long ago and pickled with lye.) The olive-picking is long and toilsome, particularly the part assigned to the women, who have to collect all the fallen berries—and very cold work it is for them when winter is on. Their little earthenware pots full of hot ashes barely thaw their numbed fingers, and their poor knees ache for days after.

The men mount the trees with a basket strapped in front of them, and, drawing the laden branches towards them, strip them of the fruit with an action as of milking a cow. Their work is easier, unless a strong "tramontana" is blowing to make their foothold insecure. The olives picked from the trees are kept separate from those that are picked up on the ground, for the latter, being generally covered with earth, yield an oil inferior in taste. The olives are not allowed to remain long before they are taken to be crushed. The great stone mill is set in motion by an ox which walks round and round the fixed stone basin or "plate," and makes the upper stone revolve till he is tired and his comrade takes his place. The olives are divided into two parts. The first is crushed till the olives are turned into an oily mash, which is then stuffed into bags of cocoa-nut fibre called "cages," and put

under a screw. By gradually increasing the pressure the oil is forced out and trickles down into an earthenware tub set to receive it. While the first lot of berries are being pressed, the second lot are crushed, and these are then pressed in their turn. Each lot is crushed and pressed twice, and the oil thus extracted is said to be of the first quality. A second quality is next made by throwing boiling water on the olive "paste" and grinding and pressing once more. Looking at the turbid stuff, hardly liquid as it is when just made, few persons would believe that it is the same as the transparent, amber-colored fluid which in a few weeks' time will make their salads so delicious. Yet it is only a matter of patience. The oil will "clear" of itself; some of the refuse matter will rise to the top and be skimmed off, and the rest will sink to the bottom, and all that is then necessary is to change the oil into another of the great *All Baba* terra-cotta jars. The dealers then come up and, dipping into the oil a forefinger, which they gravely suck, proceed to make an offer. It is surprising what high prices are paid on the spot for good Tuscan oil, an oil distinguished by its greenish hue and rather bitter taste. The yellow greasy liquid sold in England as "Best Salad Oil" is generally a blend of inferior qualities, sometimes even adulterated with cotton-seed oil. The fact is that the current market price of olive oil in England is so low that growers will not export their best.

I have remarked on the unappetizing color of freshly made oil, but evil-looking though it may be, "virgin" oil has a peculiar nutty flavor, which, if smeared on hot toasted bread, makes a toothsome bite for the most exacting epicure.

It is a sight well worth seeing, the oil-making when done at night, as is often the case; for an ordinary crush-

ing, which rarely yields more than two barrels of oil, will take ten hours or more to complete. The place is only dimly lit by the little oil-lamps, which throw a fitful light on the sleep-oppressed workers and the poor ox, who wags his tired head from side to side as he goes on his monotonous round, only roused into momentary activity by a flat-bladed whack from the shovel with which the olives are ladled into the centre of the basin. But there is little romance in it to the men engaged, as they toll covered with grease in the heated atmosphere which must be maintained in order that the olives may give their oil freely. The one glad moment to them is when the oil has been safely tipped into the woden barrels ready to be carried into the cellar, and chills and colds are the frequent rewards of their labors.

In the intervals of oil-making the *contadini* dig. Their spades are long-handled instruments with pointed blades, above which there is fixed a kind of step. On this step, when they have pushed the blade under ground, they mount and, moving their body backwards and forwards, drive the blade still further down. Hard work it is, and does not leave much breath for talking; but perhaps they think all the more. Wicked report says that as they sway about with their faces upturned to heaven, they are praying, and their prayer is as follows: "O Lord, of your great goodness, teach me yet another way in which I may cheat my *padrone*!"

The proverb says that "the spade has a golden tip," and I believe it, and make my *contadini* take a lot of this splendid and fruitful exercise.

Saint Anthony's day in February is a great day for "George" and "Charlie," for it is their patron saint's day, and the village priest is coming up to bless them. Their stables are given such a cleaning that at first they

do not recognize them and refuse to enter; while their own white coats are rubbed as spotless as a cat's shirt-front, till they gaze inquiringly at the little colored picture of the saint pinned up above their manger, and wonder what it can all mean. Then the priest arrives and hurriedly recites the blessing (he has many stables to visit), sprinkling them with holy water, and they only wince a little as the drops from the brush fall on their still sensitive skins, for they seem to understand. They gladly hail the approach of spring, for there is not much work for them to do, and more grass and less straw in their daily mixture. A picturesque figure old Lilla makes as she stands by the well ready to go out and get their food, her sickle in her hand and her basket slung on her back. But the most graceful thing of all is her daughter, as she stoops to cut the grass, every movement of her lithe limbs showing undisguised by cumbersome layers of petticoat. Poor Carlotta! She is sad just now, for she is soon to leave her happy home to be married. Her dot has been saved up, the bridegroom's mother no longer insists on that sixth sheet in the trousseau which has for so long separated the young couple, and lastly my reluctant consent has been obtained. For among the ancient privileges still pertaining to the *padrone* is the right to veto any marriage of which he does not approve. Some of these privileges are embarrassing to a young man. When Carlotta, for instance, a little while back took to her bed and nothing could make her well, I as *padrone* was requested to pay the patient a visit. I found the girl in bed, with her whole family (most of them weeping) grouped around, and my first thought was of flight. However, I could see that they looked to me to make some pronouncement, and so I made a plunge and boldly asserted that she had nothing

the matter with her, it was all nerves, etc., and she must get up immediately. I hope I was right; but anyhow she did get up and soon was recovered.

The *contadini* round Florence are naturally more sophisticated than their fellows who live away from a big town—not, however, that half of them can read or write!—and do not observe many rites. But there is one custom called “Lighting up the corn” which they all respect. On Shrove Tuesday, as soon as night falls, all the *contadini* sally forth into their *poderi* and with lighted wisps in their hands make a complete circuit of all the fields in which the young wheat is growing. And as they walk they chant these lines:

Grano, grano, non carbonchiare,
Nella sera di Carnevale
Che si va a luminare.
Su pel pian e su pel poggio
Ogni spiga ne faccia un moggio,
Ogni moggio un moggliolino,
Ogni spiga un panellino.

Corn, corn, don't 'ee blight,
Here come I to give 'ee a light.
In the plain
And on the hill
Let every stalk a bushel fill,
A bushel full, a bushel fair,
A little loaf to every ear.

I have not been able to discover the origin or meaning of this ancient custom, but it is almost certain that, like other carnival customs assimilated by Christianity it dates from Pagan times. It is peculiar to Florence, like the “*Scoppio del Carro*,” which takes place on the Saturday before Easter, and even Pistola, our nearest town, has nothing like it. I always try to be there to speed the *contadini* on their way and watch their small fires flickering about among the olives. And then it is a sight well worth waiting for. All at once hundreds of moving lights burst out. Over hill and valley as far as the eye can reach they

twinkle about, and I know that each light is in the hand of some one who is uttering up a very genuine prayer, even though it be a pagan one.

My diary has now brought me round to April, and I am keeping an anxious eye on the olive-trees for the first sign of flower-buds. The earlier they appear, the better is the chance of a good crop. As the proverb goes:

Se mignola d' Aprile corre col barile
Se mignola di Maggio corre col saggio.

Which means that if the flower-buds show in April you will have barrels full as compared with pint measures full if they do not show till May. The flower-buds may be distinguished from the buds which will form shoots by their roundness and the little blob in their centre. The olive only bears on the shoots of the year before, so that it can easily be understood that an undue preponderance of shoot-buds over flower-buds means a smaller crop. As a matter of fact a heavy crop one year is almost invariably followed by a light crop the next. Even if there is a plentiful show of flower, that does not necessarily entail a good crop, for a cold and wet spell in May or June, when the delicate flowers are setting, will destroy the brightest hopes. To see whether the flowers are setting well one has only to examine the fallen flowers which strew the ground; if a large proportion of the corollas have a clean hole in the centre one may be satisfied, for those flowers at any rate have set.

Regularly on Easter Day Pietro comes in with a smiling face, a live capon hanging a protesting head downwards from his hand, to wish me “Buona Pasqua” and to present me with this bird and a dozen eggs, which may or may not all be fresh, as it has taken a long while to collect that number from the few hens he is allowed to keep. These eggs and capon at Easter,

and sun-dried figs at Christmas, are my perquisites as padrone, and my *contadino* would never dare to omit them.

As the spring grows older the whole *podere* turns a vividly green face to the kindly sun. The wheat vies in color with the vines, whose shoots, two yards or more in length, are now putting out tendrils and feeling for the stakes which have been carefully set by each plant. Soon the faint, sweet scent of the tiny yellow grape-blossoms will be added to the other perfumes in Nature's distillery.

Then in June the first little figs appear, though the fig-glutton has to wait till August before he can really gorge himself. Pietro's working day, which at no time of the year would commend itself to an eight-hours' Trades-Unionist, is now interminable. The wheat is fast yellowing in the hot sun, and we are all ready to begin reaping the day after San Giovanni. But on St. John's Day we keep holiday, and in the evening gather together to raise a chorus of delighted "oh's!" at the fireworks with which Florence annually honors her patron saint, and which we can see so well from our hillside. When the "cherry-tree," as the "bouquet" at the end is called, has burst in all its brilliance and faded away, we give a sigh of regret and go slowly in to bed. For next day at daybreak every one who can hold a sickle has to be out in the cornfields reaping for dear life to get the harvest finished while the fine weather lasts. The reaping over and the corn carried and stacked, the flails are got out from their resting-place and the *aja* is soon alive with golden particles hopping away from the thud, thud of the swinging sticks. To old Pietro's perplexed disgust I no longer allow the *aja* to be covered with an unsavory stratum of mixed mud and cow-dung to fill up the chinks between the flags, and he tells me much more corn is lost than before my arrival!

The winnowing is tedious but not complicated; the grain is thrown obliquely, shovelful by shovelful, into the air, and the gentle wind carries off the chaff.

When the fierce heat of the midday July sun drives me indoors I generally seek cooler climes, and so seldom see the grapes as they swell and their green changes to purple. But I am back before the vintage, in time to go my rounds and see that the vat has been properly soaked and is water-tight before the picking begins. My *podere* is open to all the world on vintage-day, and any one may come and pick. I notice that village maidens predominate. The curly-headed Berlindo is a personable youth, and much sought after in spring-time as an opponent in the game of "Verde." It takes two people to play at this game, preferably of opposite sex. The players each pick a piece of some green stuff which they exchange, and this "green" must be shown whenever asked for. The player who first fails to produce it, when challenged by his opponent's "Verde," pays forfeit. However, even if it was the season, there is no time to play "Verde" on vintage-day, and Berlindo is too busily engaged in taking the full baskets of grapes as they are brought to him, emptying them into tall wooden tubs and there pounding them up till the few whole grapes left are swimming in the sweet "must." The ox-cart carries these tubs away, and their contents are emptied just as they are into the vat, where in a few hours' time they will be fermenting furiously, bubbling like a geyser and sending up great puffs of crimson froth. The juice remains for some days in the vat till the fermentation has almost ceased, and then it is drawn off the skins and the skins themselves pressed for the wine which they still hold. The wine is put into butts which have first been thoroughly fumigated

with sulphur in order to kill any noxious microbe that may be lurking about, and there it reposes, only occasionally changing domicile, till it reaches a ripe old age. The coloring matter, by-the-bye, of wine is in the skins, and so, to make white wine, white grapes are employed; or else red grapes, provided that the wine is drawn off very soon, before the skins have had time to color the juice.

I left Berlindo at the tubs mashing away, but I found that he had managed to engage his favorite young lady for several dances that same evening after the supper. These vintage suppers are sometimes elaborate affairs, with entertainments and music; and if an "improviser" be there, one of those glib poets who will string you verses galore full of personal allusions, success is assured.

And now the wine is safely stored away, and we have arrived once more
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at the season when the contadino's whole thoughts are centred on preparing his land to receive the wheat. And so the year passes on my Tuscan farm—every season has its work—to me far more varied than the dull routine of the English farmer; and whenever the Tuscan lassitude wins me, there is also the aja, where I can sit and gaze out over Florence glowing purple in the sunset, and lazily try to decide whether the fair city is more beautiful with the sun setting behind the Carrara mountains and sending his rays down the valley to awaken the sparkle in every window, or else by moonlight when the city is but dimly outlined and the black mass of the Dome rises in the centre watching over the houses which seem to cluster round it for protection.

Surely the true life is that of the farmer, and perhaps among all farmers that of the Tuscan.

Edward B. Caulfeild.

THE JOYS OF AGE.

Of all the New Year it was the maddest, merriest day. No need to call them early; they had long been awake for joy. Breakfast could hardly be eaten for excitement, and before nine the carriages were at the door. Eight beautiful carriages, with room for sixteen in each and four on the box! And three horses to each carriage—that made twenty-four in all, enough to mount cavalry, thought some: "Prime 'orses, too!" said old Mr. Jameson, and he had a right to speak, having cleaned 'bus-horses for fifty years from the day that a 'bus took his leg off, what time our fathers worshipped taper hats and lilac trousers.

Up got the ladies into the three first vans. "Mother, mother, wait for me!" cried an old man, and scrambled in be-

side his wife, who had buried all their children long ago. Three others came and sat beside their wives. One pair had late'y married, no one being able to raise any just cause or impediment why they should not be joined together in holy matrimony, and so they had secured the comfortable married quarters. "This 'ere's our 'oneymoon," said the man, and the carriage creaked with feminine laughter.

"Right behind," cried the last conductor, and in single file the brakes moved away from the door. A crowd of children on the pavement raised a cheer. "Bless 'em!" said the workmen's wives, holding up their babies to look, "It's good to see the old people enjy theirselves."

At first they were silent, and sat

staring in front of them, almost amazed, while their bones were rattled over the stones. "Good job it ain't rainin'," said one at last, to encourage sociability. "Glad old Blowhard's got a fine day to his funeral," returned another, with cheerful sympathy, but the conversation collapsed.

Presently they emerged through long rows of decent suburb into a country of open fields and hedgerow trees, with here and there a little wood, and here and there a residential mansion, where roses grew, and tennis courts were being marked out for the young gentlemen and ladies in the afternoon. "Now we're at large," said one of the women, and she took off the brown shawl such as all were wearing, and displayed the dark linen dress that all were wearing, too. "I like being at large, I do," she went on, "not as I've anything against them as don't, nor yet by reason of me never getting out. I'm let out twice a week, through being old enough to look after myself now, praise God, and well-behaved, too."

"Whenever I've been for a treat, I've always tried not to be disagreeable to no one," retorted another, with a wealth of stored-up meaning.

"I'm sorry to incommode you, I'm sure, Mrs. Benson," said the first speaker, "but there's some not fit to look after themselves, no matter for how old. And there's some has to be knocked off their leave for weeks every time after bein' at large."

"Now don't be hard on us to-day, Mrs. Turner," said a blue-eyed woman. "There's none on us knows which may be betrayed into something next. Don't the hay smell lovely layin' out on the fields? As owdacious a crop as ever I see in Worcestershire, where I was born, maid, and married. Most owdacious! but I doubt they'll carry it through its bein' sodden with the wet." Instead of the ceilings and drab

walls and well-scrubbed boards, with the familiar smell of sanitary cleanliness, the big sky was over them now, the wheels splashed through puddles of sweet-smelling rain, and the wind blew across hayfields and hedges of wild rose. Keeping their hands covered in their shawls, they looked about them quietly with patient, faded eyes. Their faces were gray as ghosts in the fitful sunshine. The brakes stopped to water the horses. The men got stiffly out, and stood leaning over gates, or looking at the bar, and smelling the mixture of beer and sawdust. Then they drove on again. "The ride's always the best part of a treat," said Mrs. Turner.

"It's a compensation," answered Mrs. Benson sweetly. "That's what it is—a compensation."

They reached the field where they were to play, and drove in through the gate upon the real grass, the horses throwing up their heads, for they felt the soft turf under their feet as when they were young. Dinner was served in a big shed—"first-rate meat," they all said it was, and so was the tart, and the ginger beer.

"This hair do make one 'ungry," said an old man at the end.

"It ain't the hair so much as the sightseein'," said a woman. "We learn to be abstemious where we are through livin' always the same. No 'ousekeepin' to do, no children to mind, nor yet no rent to get together—it was them things kep' us 'ungry whiles we had 'em."

"Don't you be complainin', Mrs. Wilson," said another. "We got a nice clean place where we are, and always a bit to eat, and a good bed to sleep on. I always was one for a good bed."

"I'm not complainin'," answered Mrs. Wilson. "I'm only sayin'."

After dinner the men went for a walk round the village. The shopkeepers came to the doors to look at

them, and the village children followed them up and down; they looked so queer in their blue serge suits and soft black hats, like the parson's.

"Seems to me they takes us for a mad-'ouse more than what we are," said one of the old men.

"Sooner they did," said another, older still, in a gruff voice.

"That's 'cos you're used to killin' Roosians in the Crimea War, Mr. Pierce," the first speaker replied, and all laughed silently, for the veteran was a little fractious sometimes.

Wasted with age, twisted into queer shapes with rheumatism, wooden-legged, half-paralyzed, worn out with years of toll, they crawled along the village street. It was an exciting walk, Generous publicans asked them in by twos and threes to have a glass. Some bought little screws of black tobacco with pence they had been given by the poor. Others bought acid drops and peppermints, to give them a taste.

The churchyard was a great attraction, and nearly all spent a happy hour in spelling out the inscriptions and discovering the instances of good old age. "I've got one of a 'undred," squeaked an old man, stumbling over the mounds in his excitement. "Come and look 'ere! It says a 'undred and one, sure as ever I was born."

It was a creditable find, and a crowd of aged faces gathered quickly to peer at the stone. But astonishment was mute when another discovered a memorial of a hundred and ten years' life. A fair record that was, and no mistake! They felt it would be useless to search further, as they gazed with respect upon the grass. "Why, bless my soul," said a former cab-driver, "there's no knowin' but what I might live another thirty years or more, me bein' under eighty yet. A man can do a lot o' things in thirty year."

"Not you, Mr. Conolly!" said another. "They was 'ealthy in them

days, that's where it was. You won't live that long, don't you think it."

"Don't you be so cocksure, Mr. Dickinson," said Mr. Conolly, and they all laughed merrily.

"Well, well," said another suddenly; "it's a short way before most on us now. We won't talk about it."

When they got back to the field they found the women seated in little rows on chairs, but some of them had been for a walk too, though a shorter walk, as became their sex, and one was talking rapidly in a state of happy excitement. "I've met a gentleman as knows my family what I served with before I married him standin' there," she was explaining. "Rice was my family's name—Irish they was, but Protestants, quite respectable. And this gentleman told me as Master Charlie's gone to Persia. Many's the napkin I've pinned on him, bless his little 'eart! and now he's gone to Persia."

Tea-time came, and the day began to droop. The horses were put into the brakes again. One by one the old people followed each other and mounted, like lambs into the fold. In the silence under the darkening elms, only the two old men who had been gardeners were heard disputing.

"I tell you it's larkspur," said one, pointing to an enormous blue spiral he had stuck in his buttonhole, with some Sweet William and a rose.

"Common people may call it larkspur," replied the other, with the patience of scientific truth, "but its own proper name is Delphœnum, and I know, because sixty year ago I rooted up a bed of it in mistake, and I've knowed ever since. But I'll never learn you to be a gardener, not if we lives another twenty years where we be."

"If you two gentlemen start gettin' quarrelsome, you'll spoil the treat," said the dwarf, handing round a packet of bull's-eyes, that each might

take one. "And now whiles we're suckin' at these things, Mr. Raikes will oblige with his celebrated recitation of the two sparrers that lived unhappy ever after."

Mr. Raikes obliged with that, and many other of his boyhood's songs, for he had been a devil of a fellow, and to himself he was so still. The sun went down, the lanes were darkened, the

long line of brakes drew into the city lights. Silent and sleepy, leaning against each other with gray and patient faces, the pensioners of labor rattled over the stones. A bell clanged, wide doors received them, the familiar smell came over them again, and the maddest, merriest day of all the year was done. One by one in their little beds they fell asleep.

The Nation.

CHRISTIANITY AND ANXIETY.

It is a generally received opinion among religious people that the Gospel deals with no subjects outside faith and morals. In a sense, of course, this theory is true enough, but that our Lord concerned Himself constantly both with health and happiness is true also none the less. By crushing the whole of His teaching into two moulds and labelling it all under two heads we turn many healing words into re-proofs and many a sentence of encouragement into a goad. The greater number of those who sought the help of Christ came to Him as a physician, and it was by cures that His fame was spread. That our Lord spoke words of consolation to those in real trouble, to the bereaved, the sick, the oppressed, and the desperately poor is, of course, a fact admitted by all; but it was not only unhappiness in its acute form that appealed to Him, but unhappiness in its chronic form, a form which has often very little to do either with sorrow or circumstances, but which civilized man forges for himself in the recesses of his imagination. Christianity aims at easing the anxious mind as well as offering consolation to those in actual affliction, and much of our Lord's most characteristic teaching is directed to the relief of care.

It is often said by those who are concerned to make Christianity out to be impracticable that Christ condemned forethought. "Take no thought for the morrow," they quote, disregarding the correction of the Revised Version, "Be not anxious for the morrow." These critics, while they utterly condemn the systems of the old theologians who endeavored to prove complicated theological problems by reference to a single text, have yet adopted their method. No one who reads the Gospel as a whole can maintain that Christ condemned forethought. Who, He asked, would be so foolish as to build a tower without counting the cost? What general would be so blind as to lead his army to certain defeat? In a yet more serious vein He laments the heedlessness and want of common prudence in the five virgins who failed of their purpose through refusing to look forward, and the man who knowing that his employer was "a hard man" and acted as though he were easy-going, finds no excuse upon the lips of Christ. Had our Lord condemned forethought He would, apart from all considerations of expediency and morality, have taken much happiness out of life. All work necessitates more or less forethought.

The pleasure of planning is no doubt a very great pleasure, exercising as it does the powers of imagination, and counteracting, through the imagination, the leakage of energy produced by too vivid a realization of the darkness which confronts us all. What our Lord really deprecates is worry,—the ceaseless and fruitless calculation of chances which overwhelming material ambition and imaginative apprehension alike bring forth. The mind thus overworked leans almost always to egoism and to melancholy. The present that is known takes a less and less proportion in the face of the future that is feared, and gradually all hope of happiness fades out of life.

Our Lord in His character of spiritual physician advises men how to defend themselves against the disease of anxiety, from whatever cause arising, and suggests remedies to those who have already fallen victims to this most insidious and painful complaint. He calls experience to witness that a man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions, and He argues that for those who believe in a good God it is wholly illogical to regard themselves as drifting among nameless dangers. If we would be at peace, He said, we must be content to lose in the race for luxury, and we must not cultivate "a doubtful mind." It is characteristic of our Lord's teaching that He never said one word to discourage the search for truth, nor against the nobler ambitions whose fruition His parables suggest may not be over at death. A desire for benevolent power He seems to have regarded as a desire belonging to the eternal side of man's nature; but for that worldly ambition which He summarized as a perpetual distress of mind consequent upon the consideration of food and clothes, He has nothing but condemnation. Such a state of distress is, He said, altogether un-

worthy of a religious man. The Gentiles sought after such things—the Romans, that is, whose spirituality was so much less developed than that of the Jews—but whoever would obtain peace should resolutely keep the just proportions of life in mind, should let great considerations have the first place, should seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and regard smaller things as additional, not essential.

It is, of course indisputable that "a doubtful mind" is far harder to regulate than an ambitious one. That state of mind in which, as Matthew Arnold said, "wise men are not strong," is one seldom cured. The disease permeates the whole nature, shakes all conviction, and destroys the power of decision. The wish becomes father to the doubt, and a man's best aspirations engender nothing but fear. The very intensity of his desire for a religion makes its greatest promises at times incredible to him. In the old days such men feared hell; nowadays they fear annihilation. In the old days they believed themselves the subjects of God's wrath, now they faint under a sense of the divine indifference. In every department of life doubt makes itself felt. The future is ever before their eyes, painted in a fantastic medium which allows that two mutually destructive misfortunes should happen at once. Like worldly men they lose all true sense of relative values and their judgment, no less than their peace, is impaired. To those who are weary and heavy laden by this kind of anxiety our Lord suggests several palliatives, knowing that the radical cures of faith and an absolute resolution to eschew worldly success are not suddenly possible. Nothing fixes a man's mind upon present peace, nothing counteracts the tendency to project thought into the future so surely as a real pleasure in Nature. We must,

Christ counsels us, try to bring ourselves within the spell of her influence that we may learn something of her calm, and we must resolve to take short views of life, for anxiety cannot be forestalled.

As we consider the teaching of Christ as it concerns happiness, we cannot but be struck with the wonderful sanity of the whole, and its absolute coincidence with human experience. Happiness, He teaches, cannot be attained if it is made the chief end of life, and this is patent to the reason. For happiness consists rather in the restraint than in the gratification of the inclinations. We long when we are injured for revenge, but nothing destroys happiness so surely as rancor and remorse. Even hope is often a matter of self-control. It would be easier at times to yield to the fatal allurements of despair, but that way madness lies. We long for an absolute system of religious observance, yet such a system makes for superstition, and blinds men

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with burdens grievous to be borne. Fierce animal passions, and the greed which men have superadded thereto, bring with them their own condemnation,—a condemnation to unhappiness. All these things tend to unsoundness of mind, and without doubt ceaseless consideration of petty matters and constant indulgence in fear bring with them also a certain weakening of the mental fibre. Surely the greatest sceptic must admit that if any man could really accept the teaching of Christ in his practical life it would make him what Bacon called "a full man."

But is anxiety ever wholly cured? Has any one ever seen this radical change in disposition? We should say not. But dispositions can be modified. After all, Christ did not offer to free His followers from the pains incident upon their physical or their mental constitutions, but only to ease and lighten their burdens, to give them refreshment and a rest to their souls.

CANADA AND JAPAN.

Vancouver, as was inevitable, has followed San Francisco, and the real "Pacific question" has made a sudden and serious advance towards that political pre-eminence from which, in our judgment, it will not be soon or easily dislodged. We take the essence of that question to be less a matter of naval or commercial supremacy than of the social and economic relations between the white and yellow peoples. Among the English-speaking communities that border the Pacific, whether they live under the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes, there exists a deep instinctive popular determination—one of those irresistible movements of opinion which the highest statesman-

ship may possibly succeed in guiding, but which no statesmanship can hope to stem—to exclude from their sparsely settled territories the concentrated masses of China and Japan. It is in the light of that determination and of the far-reaching issues raised by it, that the anti-Asiatic riots in Vancouver can alone be profitably examined. The superficial facts may be quickly related. In 1894 Great Britain and Japan concluded a treaty granting the subjects of each Power full liberty of entrance, travel, residence, and protection in their respective territories. India and the self-governing Colonies were excluded from the scope of this treaty, but the Dominion Government,

awakened by the results of the war with Russia to a perception of the significance of Japan and foreseeing a profitable market in the Far East for Canadian wheat and flour, negotiated last January a special convention with Tokyo that, in return for certain substantial reductions in the duties on Canadian exports, enrolled Canada as a third party to the treaty of 1894. It is therefore at the recent and express invitation of the Dominion Government, and as part and parcel of a definite bargain, that the Japanese are now in British Columbia. They have poured in, however, in far larger numbers than the Ministers at Ottawa anticipated. A fall in wages in Hawaii, which is the main clearing-house of Japanese emigration to the Americas; the dispute between the United States and Japan, which has diverted to British territory much of the tide that would normally have flowed to California; the unusual activities of Japanese boarding-house keepers in Vancouver and of Japanese agents in Hawaii, and the ever-increasing demand all over Canada for efficient labor for mining enterprises, farming, railway-building and the rougher work of development, have powerfully stimulated the Asiatic influx. Since the beginning of the year some five thousand Japanese coolies have landed in British Columbia, and three out of every four of them have remained there.

The people of British Columbia have not welcomed this visitation. They are a population of less than three hundred thousand, scattered over nearly four hundred thousand square miles of beautiful and prolific country. They have before their eyes as a tangible everyday fact the danger of being swamped by an alien race. The Chinamen they got rid of ten years ago by a poll-tax of £100, but they find, as the Californians have found, that the Japa-

nese are taking the Chinaman's place and reproducing essentially the same conditions. The utility of the newcomers is unquestionable. As agriculturists, farm-hands, miners, domestic servants, and ordinary laborers there is always a rush to secure their services. Whether in town or country they are a cheery, industrious, peaceable colony, living simply and economically, but with little or nothing of Chinese squalor, supporting their own churches, publishing their own papers, and furnishing the unskilled labor of which neither the mines, nor the railways, nor the farmers, nor the canning factories can ever have enough. They are rarely drunken or disorderly, they go to British Columbia merely to work, they neither become a charge on the local treasury, nor beg in the streets, nor meddle in politics, nor concern themselves in any way with governmental or religious institutions and strifes, but lead a separate, innocuous existence, and as a rule leave the country when they have hoarded enough to provide for the remainder of their days. On the surface it would appear altogether against the immediate and material interests of a country that is still only at the beginning of its industrial development and that suffers from a chronic shortage of labor, to discourage such hard-working and inoffensive settlers. But the popular instinct of British Columbia is right in thinking that this is not a question to be considered on merely utilitarian grounds. The unrestricted immigration of Japanese and Koreans means ultimately the planting in British Columbia of a vast alien colony, exclusive, inscrutable, unassimilative, bound together in a secret offensive and defensive organization, with fewer wants and a lower standard of living than their neighbors, maintaining intact their peculiar customs and characteristics, morals, and ideals of home and

family life, with neither the wish nor the capacity to amalgamate with or even conform to the civilization upon which they have intruded, and gradually, by the mere pressure of numbers, undermining the very foundations of the white man's well-being. To such an invasion British Columbia may well object; from such a prospect she may well shrink. The particular pace at which her industrial development is to proceed, is, after all, but the passing question of a day. What she has to safeguard is the future and the distinctiveness of her race and civilization, and in her passionate and unalterable conviction they cannot be protected unless the free ingress of Japanese and Koreans is restricted and regulated.

That organized trade-unionism, jealously guarding its monopoly against all comers, has had its share in forming this conviction is certain—as certain as that the example of San Francisco and the activities of labor agitators from the United States furnished the occasion for the Vancouver outbreak. But the resolve to preserve the fundamentals of the British social structure, and to keep British Columbia a white man's country, does not rest solely or even chiefly on arguments drawn from economics. It frames itself much more largely as a question of loyalty to the race and to the type of civilization, to the kind of manners, morals, and beliefs that the race represents. This is a sentiment which, though compounded of much that is vulgar, narrowing, and hateful, and though expressing itself at times in ways that are absolutely brutal, we do nevertheless share and respect. Until mankind adopts M. Finot's conclusion that race is a myth, or until it rises to the heights where a difference of race is of no more account than a difference of denomination, we shall continue to hold that the first principle of political

action must be faithfulness to one's own flesh and blood. The people of British Columbia, in our judgment, are pursuing an irreproachable objective by methods that are at once impolitic and disgraceful. They have provoked an incident which, just because we are the allies of Japan, is most unlikely to lead to any serious diplomatic consequences, and which, for the same reason, is doubly humiliating and distressing. We need scarcely say that we look to the Provincial authorities and, if they fail, to the Dominion authorities not only to prevent any repetition of the outbreak and to punish those responsible for it, but to make full reparation to the Japanese who have suffered either in person or property at the hands of the Vancouver mob. But when all this has been done, we hold that the British Government should approach both Tokyo and Peking with a view to the friendly discussion of the whole question of Asiatic immigration into British possessions. To the rulers of Japan such clashes as have occurred already in San Francisco and Vancouver must be not less disquieting than to the Americans and ourselves. With her new stake on the Asiatic mainland and its boundless possibilities, official Japan can have no interest in promoting emigration either to the United States or to Canada. The first and most obviously suitable and remunerative channels for the reception of her surplus population are Korea and Manchuria, and the next, in our opinion, will ultimately prove to be Mexico and South America. We believe that when order has been restored in Vancouver, and when ample compensation has been made to the victims of the recent tumult, Sir Edward Grey will be well advised in seeking an accommodation that, while preserving as far as possible British possessions to men of the English-speaking race, would injure

neither the honor nor the interests of our valued ally. The attempt should at any rate be made. It is intolerable that Anglo-Japanese relations, and all that depends on them, should be in

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jeopardy of disturbance from the local agitations of irresponsible mobs, whose methods are as deplorable as the instinct that moves them is, on the whole, a sound and Imperial one.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE HORSE.

There is probably nothing more remarkable in the history of locomotion, and we may add in the history of commerce—for it is upon the rapidity and cheapness of transit that commerce mainly depends—than the persistence of the horse. Its original taming and adaptation to the use of man are lost in the mists of antiquity, or enshrined in the legendary annals of primitive poetry and mythology. Classical scholars, who contend with perennial ferocity generation after generation as to whether there was any such person as Homer, enter with equal fury into the equally insoluble problem whether Homer, or the person or persons who wrote the Homeric poems, had ever seen a horse ridden by a man in the ordinary way. Far be it from us to attempt to solve doubts that have perplexed and rejoiced so many sage investigators; but it is a fact of some interest and importance in the early history of locomotion that the first use to which primitive man put the horse was apparently to attach it to a chariot. In other words, the first and most wonderful invention of all, an invention as important to transit by land as the oar, the rudder, and the sail to transit by sea, was the invention of the wheel. From this everything sprang, the cart, the carriage, the railway train, the bicycle, and the motor-car.

When our grandfathers saw the first steam engine puffing along the first iron road, some thought that this por-

tentious novelty would ruin the country, others were quite certain that it was a hideous and dangerous freak that could never be of the slightest use; but the majority, including all who perceived the vast commercial and industrial importance of the new development, felt quite certain that it meant the doom of the horse, and imaginative journalists looked forward to a time when specimens of this obsolete animal would be quartered in the Zoological Gardens alongside of the zebra and the giraffe. Never has scientific foresight been more completely deceived. Every new railway gave new employment to horses, and for every animal that was taken out of a stage coach, two or three extra ones were required to bring to and fro from railway stations goods and produce that had never before been able to find a market.

But with the advent of the motor-bus and the motor-car the sentence of commercial death did seem at last to have been passed upon the horse; and there did seem to be good ground for anticipating that they would be gradually driven, first from the streets of the town and then from the roads of the country. A few surviving steam ploughs and harrows might linger on backward farms, and in the parks of great landed proprietors horses and ponies might still provide innocent recreation for country gentlemen. But intelligent anticipation seems once more to have been falsified by the pervers-

sity of Nature. Once more the horse is coming triumphantly through the ordeal, and the artist who in the early days of motor-cars depicted an unfortunate machine being drawn ignominiously upon a lorry seems, after all, to have been a true prophet. The public, which rushed with such luckless enthusiasm to invest in motor-bus companies and motor-cab companies, has had a severe lesson. Whether the promoters were always as innocent as their victims may, perhaps, be open to doubt.

Certainly, we cannot help feeling a little ashamed of the critical ability of the hard-headed race of Englishmen, and the still harder-headed race of Scots, when we read the statement made at the meeting of the London General Omnibus Company by Mr. Henry Hicks, the deputy-chairman, that no motor omnibus has yet been invented that can be made to pay. It seems rather astounding that among

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all the new companies which were floated, and among all the old companies which gave out huge orders for motor-cars, not a man could be found capable of arriving by a simple calculation at the fact that the new vehicles could not possibly be made to pay. London experience is corroborated by the failure of a German experiment—the automobile cab companies of Berlin. It is also, we think, a very significant circumstance that in many places a distinct revival is reported in the demand for horses. Well-to-do people who sold their carriages and converted their coachman into a chauffeur are now reverting to the more ancient mode of conveyance. They find, apparently, that speed may be bought at too high a price, and we are informed that job-masters, cab proprietors, saddlers and other "ruined industries" are beginning to hold up their heads again. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

IN A NEW NEIGHBORHOOD.

THE CALL.

"I should have come earlier only I was not quite sure which of us came to this part first. I had an idea that it was you, but my husband says that we moved in two days before you. Still your curtains were up before ours, and I know you had water first, because we borrowed some. Still it doesn't really matter, and if I have made a mistake you will forgive me, won't you? My husband and I are so unconventional.

"Has any one else called on you, I wonder? No doubt they will. There are some very nice people here—very nice. *Mrs. Bellingham* is certain to come, because *Mr. Bellingham* is the doctor, and she calls on every one—

makes a point of it. Do you play croquet? Because she'll want you to play; but that's very dull, isn't it? Golf-croquet is just possible; but the real game—too tiring altogether.

"And *Miss Lye* will be sure to call. She is quite charming—such a dear, but a little peculiar, perhaps. You must not mind her odd ways. She knew *Morris* and that set, you know. After a while one gets quite used to her. She's a Buddhist, too, you know—such a charming religion if one can really believe in it.

"Then there are the new people at Hillside. I don't know them yet, but I hear they're very nice. He's a bar-rister. I am told she was the daughter

of *Sir Thomas Bond* the engineer. Their children are perhaps a little too noisy, but—

"No, no sugar, thank you. Yes, cream.

"The Vicar's wife of course you have had here? A little bit masterful, perhaps, but very well-meaning. A distant relation of *Mr. Haldane*, I have heard. But if I'd known the church was so low I doubt if we should have come here at all; we thought very seriously of *Raynes Park*. *Tom*—my husband—you see, plays golf every Sunday, so the service matters nothing to him. Poor fellow, he works so hard during the week that I can't object. Perhaps when *Doris* and *Guy* are a little older he will have to be more careful.

"I doubt if you will see anything of the *Fullertons*. They live at that odd house, *The Shelf*. *Mrs. Plum* declares they're Atheists, but I hope not, because their little girls look so nice, and they are just about *Guy* and *Doris's*

Punch.

age. Only Freethinkers, I hope. He's a writer, I believe, though I know nothing about his books.

"The county people probably won't call. This is one of the most snobbish neighborhoods in England, I am told. Not that they're any loss; but, after all, society must hold together. They think of nothing but motoring and bridge and their own set.

"No, no more tea, thank you.

"I suppose you are quite finished settling in now. I wonder what sort of a range your landlord gave you. Ours is a *Phoenix*—most excellent.

"I wonder if *Mr.* — ah — *Mr.* — if your husband plays tennis. My husband is very keen, and we have a lawn which will be quite good in a year or two.

"You have the *Sketch*, I see. We take the *Tatler*. I wonder if you would care to exchange? But they're just alike, aren't they?

"Thank you. Oh, don't get up. Good-bye."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The announcement that "*Salem Chapel*" is to appear in Everyman's Library suggests the hope that other of *Mrs. Oliphant's* delightful stories, some of which are long out of print and others obtainable only with difficulty, may be included in the same series.

William DeMorgan's "*Alice-for-Short*," which is among the best half-dozen novels of the past six months, is running a close race for popularity with the same author's earlier story, "*Joseph Vance*." Henry Holt & Co. announce that both books have just gone to press for the sixth time.

An interesting enterprise upon which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have embarked this season is the publication, in ten volumes, and under the apt title "*The Children's Hour*," of some of the best stories ever written for children. The range of selection includes all times and tongues, from the myths and sagas down to the story tellers of today. One volume will be devoted to the best verse for children. Miss Eva March Tappan, herself a charming writer for children, is the general editor. The books are illustrated.

Readers who have enjoyed Oliver Huckel's renderings into English

blank verse of the great Wagnerian dramas "Parsifal," "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser," will welcome with keen interest his version of "Rheingold" which T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish this season in the attractive typography of the Merrymount Press, in a style corresponding to that of the others. Mr. Huckel is neither too literal nor too free and he has a fine poetic instinct which helps him at once better to appreciate and more adequately to render the beauties of the original.

A good general rule of conduct is whenever one encounters a "True" life of any man to read any other, but Mr. George Morgan's "The True Patrick Henry" is no chronicle of scandal, no assortment of elaborate dispraise, but a biography full of warm enthusiasm on the part of the author, and containing the most strongly commendatory testimony of Henry's contemporaries. It is written with agreeable consciousness of the value of gossiping detail, but its strongest lights are thrown upon Henry's noblest qualities, his self-sacrificing patriotism and his humble, fervent piety. A very noble figure not to be contemplated without a stir of emulation is described in these pages. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Mr. Clifton Johnson, who has done so much with pen and camera to depict the characteristic phases of New England life and scenery, is the author and artist of two companion volumes, "The Farmer's Boy" and "The Country School," which present some of his most charming work. Part story and part description, the two books give intimate glimpses of boy and girl life in the country a generation or more ago. Vivid, sympathetic and truthful, and tinged both with humor and sentiment, they make a strong appeal alike to readers whose mem-

ories are filled with similar pictures of a long-ago youth, and to younger readers who like to know the conditions of an earlier boyhood and girlhood. The illustrations are numerous and good. The books suggest comparison with Charles Dudley Warner's "Being a Boy," but they have a flavor of their own. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The Macmillan Co's fall announcement list includes a new novel by F. Marion Crawford, "Arethusa," a tale of Constantinople; "The Gulf," an American story by John Luther Long; new translations of Björnson's "In God's Way" and "The Heritage of the Kurts"; "Theodore Roosevelt: the Boy and the Man," classed as a "juvenile," by James Morgan; "The Iliad for Boys and Girls," by A. J. Church; "Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany, with Genoa," by Edward Hutton; "Highways and Byways in Kent," by Walter Jerrold, illustrated by Hugh Thomson; "Rivieras of France and Italy," painted and described by Gordon Howe; "The Seven Ages of Washington," by Owen Wister; "My Life in the Underworld," by Jack London; the Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas, translated by E. M. Waller; "The Gentlest Art," an anthology of the most entertaining letters in the English language, edited by E. V. Lucas; and "Philosophical Essays and Discussions," by Frederic Harrison.

Mr. Justus Miles Forman may not have attained his highest level in "A Stumbling Block," probably he has not, for the book stands so far above any previous work of his, its four portraits are figures so rounded and so solid, its tragedy is so logical and so touching, as to indicate strength that may carry him much higher. In his new story, he tells of a genius blighted by meddlesome kindness daring to assume to control its development, separated from the love in which it

would have attained full stature and given over to the tender mercies of a vampire eager for nourishment; and he tells of its emancipation by the vampire's miraculous but not incredible change of heart. Beginning rather quietly, it does not reveal its full power until the story is half told, but it becomes almost painfully absorbing as it continues, and it avoids anticlimax by a device so ingenious that it would give distinction to a dull book, and most admirably crowns one which has no dull page. Harper & Brothers.

Duffield & Co., of New York, and Chatto & Windus, London, have arranged for the publication of a series to be called the Shakespeare Library, in which will be included various volumes indispensable to a thorough understanding of the author, but never before issued at reasonable prices. The library will be divided into four parts. Part first will include "The Old Spelling Shakespeare," published in forty volumes and in the orthography of the poet's own time, the text under the editorship of Dr. Furnivall; part second, The Shakespeare Classics, under the general editorship of Prof. I. Gollancz, will include the various romances, histories, plays, and poems used by Shakespeare as the originals or direct sources of his plays; part three, Shakespeare's England, will include volumes illustrative of the life, thought, and literature of England in the time of Shakespeare. A fourth part, to be called the Lamb Shakespeare for Young People, will be based on Charles and Mary Lamb's Tales, in which an attempt will be made to put into prose those passages from the plays with which the young reader should early become acquainted.

Rebel swain and Tory maid, that combination of which novel-readers

have encountered some hundreds since the centenary caused Revolutionary fiction to renew its youth, appear once more in Mr. Harold Norton Kramer's "Gayle Langford," a much better story than his first novel "Hearts and the Cross." He uses the plot in which the destined lovers hate one another at sight, and treat one another in a manner to justify the continuance of the hatred, until they suddenly discover that by mere force of thinking of one another they have learned to love, after which all obstacles melt away and the invaluable Washington appears to join their hands with "Bless you, my children." Between these incidents come the usual hard riding, swift fencing, hair-breadth escapes of the orthodox novel and very much Mr. Kramer enjoys them. His readers would enjoy them with feelings less oddly blended, if he could bring himself to believe that in writing English it really matters whether an author uses one word or another; that he should not write palsy when he means apoplexy; or "wheelsman" when he means "wheelman"; or generalissimo when he means majordomo. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

One knows when one sees Mr. George Cary Eggleston's name below the title of a novel, that within the book may be met at least one sensible, active American, living up to the national ideal as it was in the days of the Perkinses, and Forbeses, and Wises, and Pinckneys, and Lowells, the days when the citizen did not buy Congressmen to aid him in his business, but accomplished his task and left Congress to make the best of the result. That species of man and his natural mate, the woman who employs ability of the same class in conducting social and domestic matters, are still Mr. Eggleston's ideals, still the ideals of the best Southern society if one

may judge from the fiction produced therein, but it is not every writer who can make them reveal themselves as naturally and yet so fully as he effects the feat. His story "Love Is the Sum of it All," gives the fullest illumination of the South, although it is far less artistic than some of his earlier books. Here and there, the hero's expositions of his methods of governing insubordinate, ignorant black laborers too nearly approaches preaching to conform with that inartistic theory of literary art which refuses to perceive that under certain conditions every man preaches the faith that is in him. Mr. Eggleston's hero preaches well, and lives as he preaches. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

Mr. Joseph P. Widney has made Guizot his model in the style of his "The Race Life of the Aryan Peoples," but at that point ends the resemblance between his book and the "History of Civilization." Any one with a fair knowledge of the English language may read and understand the later work, but it is based upon knowledge which the learned Frenchman never had, inasmuch as it did not exist when he wrote. Indeed, the existence has been so brief that Mr. Widney's is the first comprehensive American work based upon it. Major Touen's curious little work did indeed describe the peopling of Europe by the races which he conceived to be the lost tribes, but he concerned himself but little with the peopling of America, which occupies nearly the whole of Mr. Widney's second volume. "The Race Life of the Aryan Peoples" traces the Aryans, by which the author means the Sanskrit-using race and its lingual offshoots, in their passage across Europe and the United States and is therefore a survey of some thirty centuries, with speculations ex-

tending further backward. The history is clearly narrated and the speculations not too abstruse and occasionally amazing, as for instance when the author says that Ulysses must have belonged to a race hardly past the age of the raft inasmuch as it was upon a raft that he escaped from Kalypso's isle. Similar argument would show that Crusoe's England was hardly past the age of the raft. Occasionally also, he closes his eyes to matter by which his own argument might be strengthened, as, for instance, when he disregards the evident truth that Spain's severity to the disturbers of her religious and political peace was the last spasm of her struggle with the Moor and the European Semite. In his account of the settlement of America, he is possessed by so firm a conviction of the ultimate triumph of the Teuton, that he takes no account of the actual state of Mexico, but his summary of the various colonizations is very good. His speculations as to the future are hopeful and enthusiastic, and his recommendations are based partly on well arranged histories of past experiments, partly on personal knowledge of the United States derived from long journeys aside from the well beaten tracks. If he do not convince, he at least moves his readers to thought, and he reveals a mind not only capable of wide generalization but susceptible to the indefinable influences of nature. Here and there in his work are certain passages descriptive of desert experience, which, had they been written in a less hurried time would have become classics. Even now, they furnish a reason for examining a work which although hardly adequate as a fulfilment of its ambitious plan is no unworthy forerunner of others more accurately scientific. Funk & Wagnalls Co.